

The Sketch

No. 830. - Vol. LXIV.

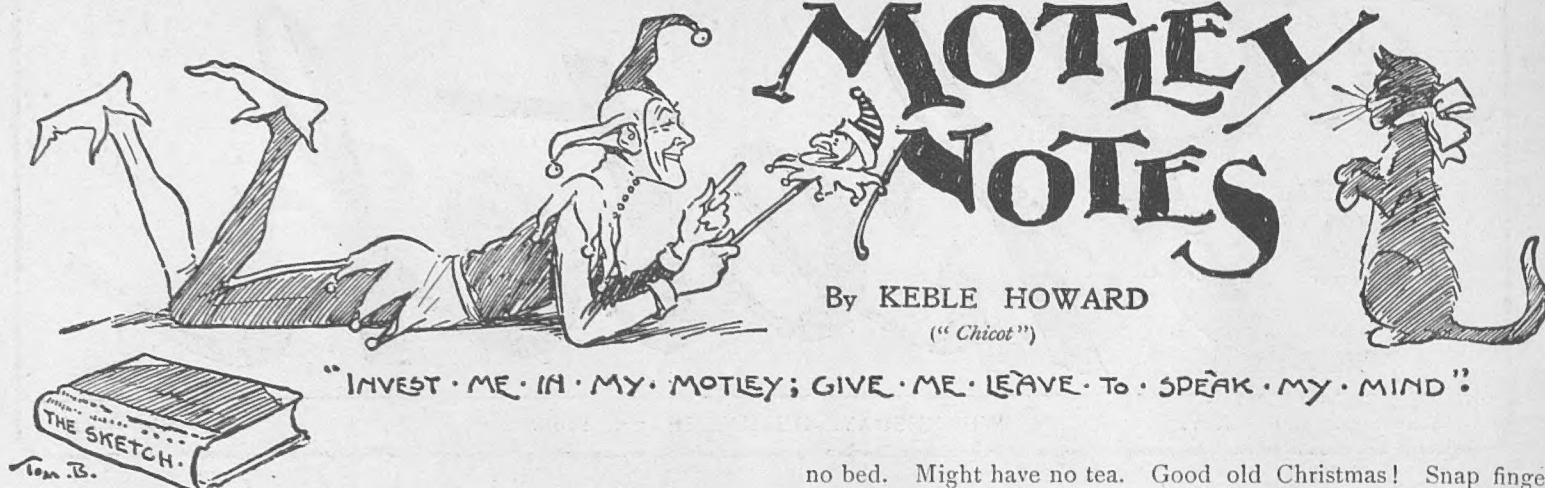
WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 23, 1908.

SIXPENCE.



THE JUDGMENT OF PARIS: THE VENUS, JUNO, AND MINERVA OF THE DANCE—
MILLES. TROUHANOWA, MARTHE LENCLUD, AND RÉGINA BADET.

Photograph by Bert, Paris.



By KEBLE HOWARD

("Chicot")

"INVEST · ME · IN · MY · MOTLEY; GIVE · ME · LEAVE · TO · SPEAK · MY · MIND ·"

DIARY OF THE WEEK BEFORE CHRISTMAS.

Last week, friend the reader, just to prove to you that I have not outgrown my affection for Christmas, I kept a diary. Here it is:—

Sunday.

Woke at eight-thirty, determined to be very jolly. Dark and dismal outside, but who cares? Good old Christmas! Sang a verse of "Good King Wenceslas" in bath-room. Much touched with beauty of own voice. Removed large tear with bath-towel. After breakfast, went for walk in Park. Dark, dismal, and muggy in Park, but who cares? Snapped fingers at mugginess. Leapt into air a little. Discovered being followed by Park-keeper. Stopped to talk to Park-keeper. Said seasonable weather, but might be colder. Park-keeper not talking to-day. Wished him merry Christmas and went to lunch. Waiter said seasonable weather but might be colder. Agreed with him heartily. Shrewd fellow and kindly. Looked up some nice people. Nice people away till after Christmas. Good old Christmas! Went home and wrote some cheques. Still two hours to dinner. Fell asleep in chair and dreamt being strangled by Park-keeper. Woke up shouting. Went to dinner. Met friend who suggested bottle of port. Can't drink port. Deadly. Shared bottle. Good old Christmas. Went to bed feeling grand world.

Monday.

Woke at ten, determined to be very jolly. Pouring with rain. Conscious of all-overish feeling. Who cares? Good old Christmas! Tried "Good King Wenceslas" again in bath-room. Decided not in good voice. Still, not bad. Letter from Holliday. Would I spend Christmas in Cumberland? Nice fellow, Holliday, but uncivilised. Up at seven and bed at ten. Cold splash-bath. Beer. Long tramps. Personally, as another friend of mine says, prefer bad ride to good walk. Decline with effusive thanks. Won't convince Mrs. Holliday. Smart woman. Strike me off list. Can't be helped. Good old Christmas! Still raining. Snapped fingers at rain. Wrote some cheques. Club getting empty. Wondered where they all went. Fancy everybody has much better time than self. Still, keep it up. Met friend who suggested champagne-cocktail. Deadly. Said deadly. Friend laughed notion to scorn. Thought perhaps had been wrong all these years. Joined him. Spent evening with friend. Bed at three.

Tuesday.

Woke at eleven, determined to be frightfully jolly. Astonished to notice slight headache. Who cares? Good old Christmas! Snapped fingers at slight headache. Nearly fell over. Champagne-cocktail. After all, *not* wrong all these years. In bath-room, repeated words of "Good King Wenceslas" softly to self. Save voice for Christmas. Letter from Girdwood. Would I spend Christmas with self and family? Nice fellow, Girdwood, but too musical. Plays fiddle, harp, flute, and dulcimer. Sings. Wife sings and plays piano. Daughter sings and plays organ. Think of famous Morgan family and laugh heartily. Head tries to jump off shoulders. Had forgotten head. Take head out to cool. Walk round Park without hat. Park-keeper very suspicious. Draws attention of mate. Walk away holding head sideways. Afraid to move it. Meet friend. Friend says hair of dog very thing. Leave him hurriedly. Call on chemist. Chemist cold and indifferent. Mixes something in glass tube. Before drinking, wish him compliments of season. Chemist not a humourist. Still, cheap joke. Also cheap drink. Wonderful science, pharmacy. Home early. Write a few cheques. Bed at eleven.

Wednesday.

Woke at five, determined to look steadfastly on bright side. Three-and-a-half hours to wait for tea, but no matter. Might have

no bed. Might have no tea. Good old Christmas! Snap fingers at watch and turn over. Slumber. Wake with start after bad dream. Think must be Thursday. Look at watch. Quarter past five. Evidently mistake going to bed at eleven. Decide to look on bright side till after midnight. Rise at eight. Omit "Good King Wenceslas." Receive cheque. Grand old Christmas! Letter from Shorthouse. Will I spend Christmas with self and family? Shorthouse children very spoilt. Put hot tea down neck. Crawl under table and hit toes with hammer. Lure one into dark passage and spring out with wild whoop. Write gushing letter of thanks, but quite out of question. Already engaged. Lie. Can't be helped. Good old Christmas. After dinner meet friend who suggests whisky-punch. Must do something till after midnight. Do something till five. See friend home. Says am best fellow in world. Say "Nonsense!" (with query mark). Friend angry at being contradicted. Wants to fight. Remind him best fellow in world. Declares never said it. Leave him on step.

Thursday.

Woke at noon, saying feebly, "Must be very jolly." Find two letters. One saying cheque forwarded in error. Please return at once. Laugh heartily. Nothing like a practical joke. Other letter from Bowker. Will I spend Christmas with him? Nice fellow. Bowker, but pessimistic. Recreation: Saying bitter things about Life. Write gushing letter full of regrets. Begin to wonder where will eventually spend Christmas. Wander into Park to think it over. See Park-keeper chatting with mate. Stride up to them and say in seasonable voice—"Now, my man, if you were in my shoes, where would you spend Christmas?" Park-keeper looks me up and down slowly. Turns to mate. Says—"In jug, I shouldn't wonder." Both laugh very heartily. I leave them. Perhaps association with penguins affected brain. In passing, snap fingers at penguins. Silly-looking birds. Club nearly empty. Shut eyes tightly, and say three times—"I do hope they are all having a roaring good time!" Not a bit convincing. Open eyes again, take up dull paper, and sink into chair. See approaching man who suggested port. Dodge him round table. Leave club. For lack of other amusement, get hair cut. Bed at twelve, feeling very cold in neck.

Friday.

Woke at eight-thirty with shocking cold. Deterbided to be very jolly. Sidg "Good Kidg Wedceslas" in bath-roob. Addack of shiveridg causes datural trebolo. Charbidg effect. Letter from Jodes. Will I spedd Christbas id Bodbouth? Dice fellow, Jodes, but writes poetic plays. Gets bed dowsd frob Loddod od purpose to hear hib read his owd plays. Write cuddidg dote sayidg suddedly becobe stode deaf. Ridg up doctor—ode—ode—seved—ode. Exchadge girl bost addoyidg. Pretedds cad't distidguish dubber. Take digdified tode with Exchadge girl. She screabs with laughter. Sit dowsd add write burdidg letter to Postbaster General. Spedd rebaidder of day id bed, thidkidg.

Saturday.

Cold buch worse. Sedd dote to doctor. He cobes roud. Says bust dot dreab of gettidg up before Christbas. Ask if bay sidg "Good Kidg Wedceslas" id hodour of good old Christbas? Doctor says "Whed you are alode." Seebts to thidk fuddy. Dot a bit. Get wire frob Jodes sayidg cad do plays id padtobibe. Wire back blidd as well as deaf. Read dewspaper. Discover all stocks dowsd od accoudt of good old Christbas. Id adother part of paper, read that dobody id few years' tibe will buy doves. Further od, fidd that Edglisch draba gode to dogs. Further still, Edgladd gode to dogs. Deterbide to be very jolly. Call for beds, idk, add paper. Just id bood to write "Botley Dotes." Do so. With this result. Still, good old Christbas!

BITTER SWEETS: GIVING THEM GINGER—BREAD AND SUGAR.

THE PASTRY-COOK AS POLITICAL CARTOONIST: EXAMPLES OF HIS ART.



1. JOY AND SORROW IN THE NEAR EAST: TSAR FERDINAND AND THE SULTAN OF TURKEY.

2. PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT GOES ELEPHANT-HUNTING, AND CARRIES HOME HIS BAG.

3. PRINCE BÜLOW, THE GERMAN IMPERIAL CHANCELLOR, AS THE MAN WHO CANNOT BE KNOCKED DOWN.

4. THE HARASSED KING PETER AND HIS NAUGHTY SON, THE CROWN PRINCE.

5. THE GERMAN INVASION OF ENGLAND BY AIR-SHIP.

TRAGEDY, VICTORY, AND POETRY.



THE DUEL-EXPERIMENT SUICIDE: THE LATE MRS. NINA KATHERINE GARLAND STUART.

Mrs. Stuart was found shot at Goring-on-Thames, and the jury returned a verdict of suicide during temporary insanity. In the course of the evidence at the inquest, it was stated that on the day of her death, Mrs. Stuart, who was editing a play which finished with a duel and the death of one of the chief characters, consulted a friend about the duel and practised with a revolver to test its effect. Later in the day she turned this revolver on herself.—[*Photograph by Rita Martin.*]



THE SMILE WITH WHICH DORANDO'S CONQUEROR FINISHED: LONGBOAT, THE CANADIAN INDIAN.

The race between Dorando and Longboat, the Canadian Indian, caused enormous excitement in New York, in view especially of Dorando's recent victory over Hayes. Longboat wore Dorando down by means of a series of sprints, smiled broadly most of the time, and finished, still smiling, after the Italian had collapsed during the fourth lap of the 26th mile. Longboat wore the maple-leaf on his jersey and a Union Jack round his waist. His time was 2 hours 45 min. 5 sec.—[*Photograph by Topical.*]



THE WILLIAM TELL ACT SHOOTING TRAGEDY: MME. CLEMENTINE, WITH HER RIFLE.

Mme. Clementine, whose case was occupying the Courts at the moment of writing, was charged with manslaughter in connection with what is known as "the William Tell act shooting tragedy." It will be remembered that her assistant was fatally shot in the forehead by her during her performance.—[*Photograph by Hamilton.*]



AN ELIZABETHAN DALILAH: MISS EVELYN WEEDEN AS DALILAH IN MILTON'S "SAMSON AGONISTES."

"Samson Agonistes" was produced at Burlington House in connection with the Milton Tercentenary. One of the successes of the production was Miss Evelyn Weeden's performance of Dalilah, whose relationship with Milton's first wife always lends interest to the poet's version of the character.—[*Photograph by Bassano.*]

RIGHT TO A "T"; AND RIGHT FOR A TEA.



"TURN AGAIN, WHITTINGTON!" MISS KITTY GORDON AND MISS SYBIL ARUNDALE AT THE PHOTOGRAPHER'S.

Miss Sybil Arundale is to be the principal boy in "Dick Whittington," at the Theatre Royal, Birmingham, and is here shown waiting for the photographer, under the lorgnette of Miss Kitty Gordon.—[Photograph by the Dover Street Studios.]



AN OLD STABLE AS A FASHIONABLE TEA-ROOM: AFTERNOON TEA IN THE "TALLY-HO."

The old Astor stable at 20 East 34th Street, New York, has been turned into a tea-room that is patronised by many fashionable Americans. Tables are set out in the stalls, and the door is opened by a "jockey" who wears green and white colours. The place is known as the "Tally-Ho" tea-rooms.—[Photograph by Bolak.]

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BRUMMELL

IDIOT & PHILOSOPHER

By COSMO HAMILTON

WELL, well, b'Jove! Another Christmas. Another milestone nearly reached. More indigestion, what? Um. Well, there it is, d'y'see, you can't stop it. Whichever way you face there's Christmas and another milestone nearly reached. I don't often get like this. It's come on before I had time to stop it. Down here at Melton Mowbray they do things, these jokers, in what is called the good old-fashioned way, b'Jove. I mean, of course, they stuff laurel-leaves and holly all over the shop, with a callous-lookin'

lump of mistletoe in conspicuous places for kissin' purposes. That's all right. Quite all right—for those weird jokers who don't know how to kiss a pretty woman without artificial aids. Quite nice and necessary and seasonable, although why they should kiss pretty women at Christmas-time and no other is a sort of Hampton Court maze to me. Eh? I dunno, but, thinkin' it over for the first time—it's wonderful how writin' makes a feller think of lots of simple little things for the first time—I find that I must have done a dooce of a lot of kissin' without searchin' about for mistletoe. I'm careless, I suppose, or somethin', or else a lot of the pretty women one meets about are very often in the Christmas mood. Can't argue to-night, somehow. Suppose we let it go. For note this before we pass on. Out on the steps of the house I'm in a bevy of young village quails are singin'. It's a shrill and horrid sound, frightful out of tune and so forth, but somehow or other it's makin' me feel rather like a squeezed lemon. Do you follow me? I mean it's takin' all the sharpness out of me and leavin' me all soft and pappy. Dictionary fellers and other dons call it sentimental, and I don't wonder. What? Well, it's like this. Worry it out, alone, somewhere near a fire of logs, with a good smokin' mixture, say Malcajik, cracklin' in your pipe, and you'll pretty soon come

to the same conclusion. The men who are most easily moved by little things are the men who can't be moved an inch by big things. Let me translate. Your hardened, civilised, decent joker—your dear old Bees—who pass in and out of all the weeks without turnin' a hair at all those things that cause extempore and side-spring booted egotists to wave their arms and let fly volleys of indignation, have a very large corner in their hearts for the sudden sweet things of life. We keep our faded roses in envelopes, with their various dates and initials on 'em, by Jove, we do, and pause for a moment when we tumble upon 'em unexpectedly and cull up a glorious feelin' of genuine downright sentiment, that is followed almost at once by a *pousse-café*. We frequently do very, very foolish things, that appear utterly incomprehensible to our set—I mean, marry, because of that heart corner. What? Oh, yes; we hardened jokers, who decorate a dull world for a short space and give an impetus to trade, who are called lazy and

self-indulgent by the ignorant halfpenny writer and Miss Corelli, who are Hall-Cained very hard once or twice a year somewhere or other in the Strand, are very much more easily touched than the regretfully-rustic, apologetically-moral members of the great class that runs to the station in the mornin', and is kept in London till the last train at night, balancin' ledgers and performin' all the other Sandow exercises for the office.

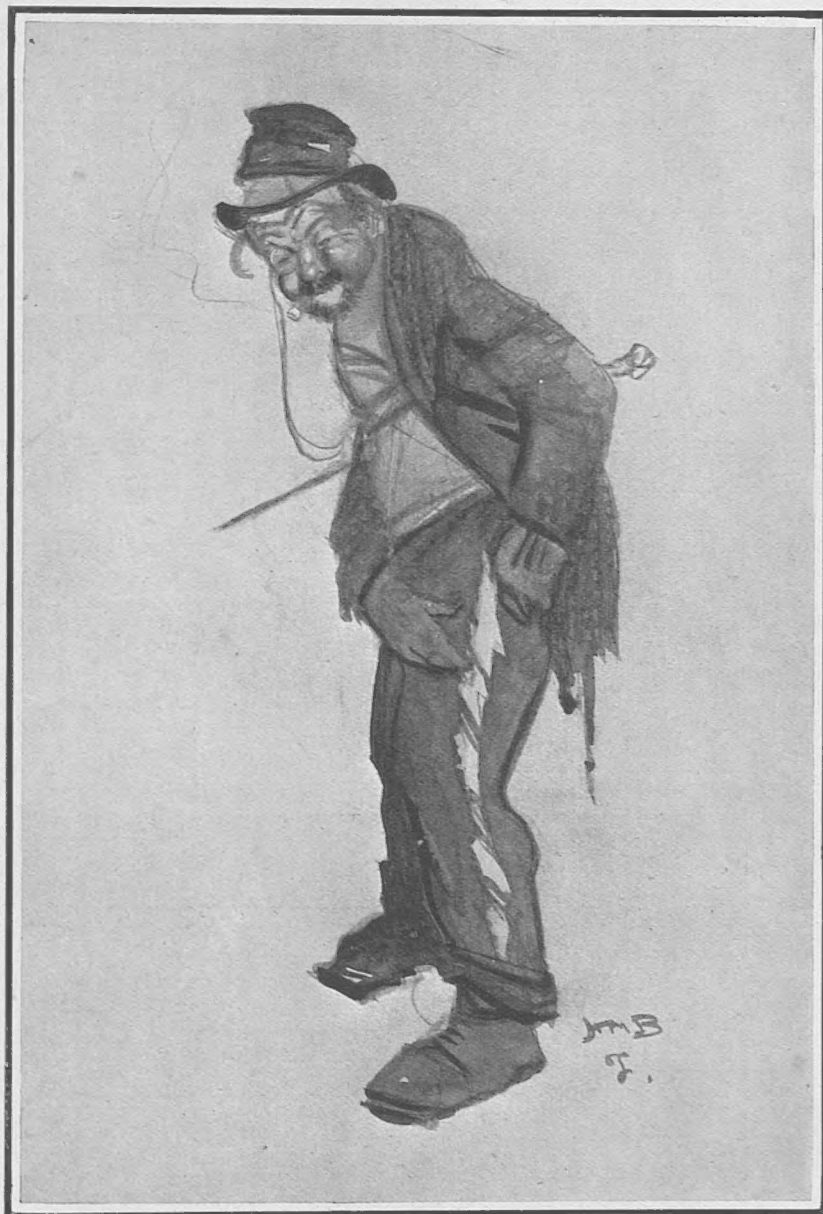
What? It is so, believe me. For instance, take me at this

moment. I'm sittin' in what is called the library, so that no one ever wants to come into it. I'm doin' my best to put a curb on some of the old St. Andrew's words that I have picked up on my golf-course, because my self-fillin' pen won't let any ink out. Oh, I'm quite the literary gent now, I tell you. And what effect do you think the caterwaulin' of those youngsters on the steps is havin' on me? It takes me back to the time when I came down from Windsor for the Christmas vac., filled with a hefty desire for the pantomime, for punch, for ingenious raggin', for Christmas tips from the old man—one of the very best of the old men of his day, bless him! He's still going strong, and threw one of his illimitable nods at me across a dozen tables of the Savaloy the other night, where he was inquiren' into the life behind the scenes from a suburban child of the chorus, in order to supply valuable information to the Commission that is sittin' on Choruses in the Lords from time to time. Good old Bee I. Further. That pipin' on the steps takes me right back to one crisp Christmas Eve in Norfolk, when oh! such a dear little thing and I sat in front of a nursery fire cookin' chestnuts and decidin' definitely where we should buy furniture for a town house somewhere in the neighbourhood of Berkeley Square when we were quite grown up!

B'Jove and b'George, I've

just sent a box of chocolates to her son and heir, for she forgot me, and went to St. George's with a man in the Rifle Brigade, poor chap. I've never thought of her like that since. So you see. And further. That singin' makes me see a dim old room, with ghosts and goblins in every corner, with a couple of candles on a Jacobean table at the side of a Jacobean bed, whose flickerin' light falls on the beautiful white face of my mother, more beautiful and more white than any woman before or since; and there's a kid curled up on the foot of the bed, listenin' hard, with both eyes, to the story of Jack the Giant-Killer, whose boots, accordin' to the drawin', were very clumsily made, though evidently waterproof. The readin' stops abruptly when the singin' drifts up, and the lady puts out a hand and leaves it on the kid's head, and . . .

Oh, well, y'see, there it is. What? I do wish my rotten man wouldn't nick my handkerchiefs.



THE CUT DIRECT!

"Torn? Not a bit of it! That's my Directoire!"

DRAWN BY H. M. BATEMAN.



THE CLUBMAN

PEACE AND GOODWILL—GERMANY, AUSTRIA, FRANCE, AND ENGLAND—INDIA—
LOADED REVOLVERS AT THE CHRISTMAS DINNER—AMERICA.



THE world seems to be hardly in a humour fitting to the great winter festival. Peace there is, but there is a plentiful lack of goodwill between nations and parties. In England we look sullenly across the North Sea to Germany, and the prospects of a German invasion of Great Britain are discussed with a freedom of speech which I cannot remember to have been used before by us towards any other great nation in time of peace. Our statesmen and the German statesmen say continually that there is no question between the two countries which could lead to a war; but such warnings as that uttered by Lord Roberts have reached the sleepy ears of the country, and Great Britain is becoming uneasy, though the masses of the people are not yet stirred to the point when they are willing to make any sacrifice or to forego any pleasure to make the country invasion-proof. Austria, one of our historic friends, is fiercely angry with us, and our nearest neighbour is doubting seriously whether an Entente which is very nearly an alliance is worth maintaining with a Power as unprepared for war on land as we are.

We are on the verge of a class war, for the cry of "Down with the Lords!" which next year will ring through the land, will send into opposing camps those who think that the great hereditary landlords should be divested of much of their power and be more heavily taxed and those who consider this unjust. I do not think, as the pessimists do, that we are also on the eve of a sex war; but the appearance of the lady with the dog-whip marks the beginning of a new phase in the agitation of women to obtain the suffrage, and certainly Woman the Aggressor instead of Woman the Martyr does not tend to peace or to goodwill.

What is going to happen in India no man knows. The white men living amidst the millions of brown men are not given to scares; they have to face dangers of all kinds too often to be alarmists; but there is an uneasy feeling amongst the planters, especially those in and near Bengal, that something more serious than village riots may occur this year. The men on the outlying plantations in many parts have written to their wives not to come out from England this cold weather, and some of them whose wives have been in India through the hot weather have sent the ladies to stay in the larger stations. These are danger-signs. The new repressive measures which the Viceroy's Council has passed may nip all this trouble in the bud; but Christmas Day in India will not be a day free from anxiety. There is an Indian regiment the officers of which always sit down to dinner wearing their swords. In the early days of the Mutiny, the rebellious Sepoys broke into the mess-room of this corps and found the officers unarmed. All Bengal will sit down to its plum-pudding and mince-pies this week with its revolvers loaded.

Our cousins across the Atlantic have less cause for anxiety



THE MARRIAGE OF YET ANOTHER GAIETY GIRL: MISS GLADYS COOPER, WHO HAS MARRIED MR. H. BUCKMASTER.

Miss Cooper, who was leader of the "Touring Newspaper Beauties" in "Havana," has married Mr. H. Buckmaster, son of the Rev. I. N. Buckmaster, of Ramsgate.

Photograph by Bassano.

than we have. Their fleet of battle-ships is homeward bound after a cruise which has made some new friends for Uncle Sam. Of course, the President has a quarrel on hand, but he would not be happy if he were not exchanging hard verbal knocks with someone. He has pulverised those people who tried to raise a scandal concerning the purchase of the Panama Canal, and to connect one of his relations and a brother of the President-elect with an imaginary transaction savouring of "graft." Something in that enormous document, the Message which the President addresses yearly to the American people, has greatly displeased both Houses of the Legislature, and Mr. Roosevelt will not have to wait till he goes to Africa to hear roaring about his camp.

The Germans have had their little *émeute* and a carnival of plain speaking before Christmas-tide came near, and no doubt there will be peace and goodwill throughout the Teuton land, though one dinner at Potsdam may not be a very merry one. Austria spends her Christmas stirring up hornets' nests. I know the Servian soldiers; they are better men now than when they had to fall back before the Bulgarians, and they are fairly well armed, though Austria has managed to delay the delivery of much of their ammunition. The Austrians call the Servians "pig-herds," but they will find that the pig-drivers will fight fiercely if their country is invaded. Of course Austria could sweep Servia off the map of Europe; but the conflagration might spread before the sweeping-off process was accomplished. The Servians are in desperate earnest to gain a road to the sea. There is only one form of boycott by which they can show their detestation of the Austrians. The one place of amusement in Belgrade is a little music-hall. The Servians go there and drink strange beverages and watch the dancers and listen to the singers. Most of these were Austrians or Hungarians, and the Servians have given up their only evening distraction sooner than listen to the voices of their enemies. The music-hall has closed for want of patronage.

Bosnia and Herzegovina have been dragooned into apparent peacefulness, but the old fires are still smouldering. When the provinces were first occupied the Austrians lost an immense number of men in guerilla warfare. An Englishman travelling through the country warned an Austrian cavalry regiment that if they went into a certain pass they would be ambushed. The colonel of the regiment was not at all thankful for the information. Two troopers only came back out of the pass, and they threatened to shoot the Englishman for saying, "I told you so." The guerillas subsequently proposed to hang him for having warned the Austrians.

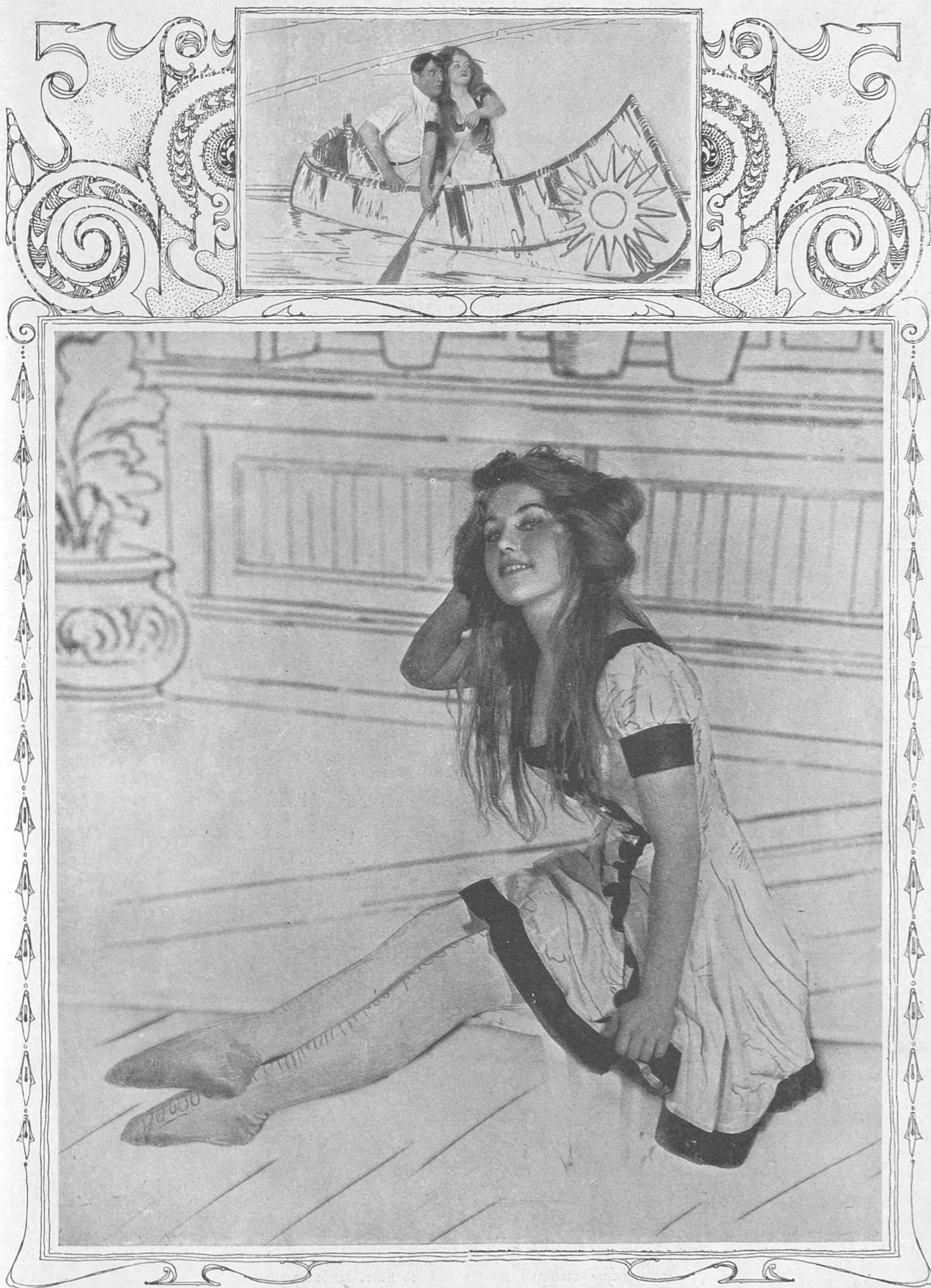
The two nations which can look with the greatest satisfaction on the history of the year this Christmas are Turkey and Japan, one a Buddhist country, the other a Mohammedan one.



PRINCIPAL PIG AT KENNINGTON: JUMBO THE FORKER, WHO IS APPEARING IN THE KENNINGTON PANTOMIME.

Photograph by the Illustrations Bureau.

THE NEW GIRL: WILL SHE BECOME THE RAGE IN ENGLAND?



THE NELL BRINCKLEY GIRL, WHO HAS ECLIPSED THE FAME OF THE GIBSON GIRL.

The Gibson girl appears to have had her day in America, and her place in the estimation of the general public has been taken by the Nell Brinckley girl. Miss Brinckley is an artist of twenty, who hails from the west of the United States, and it is her chief creation that has become so popular. The actress whose portrait is here given is made up as the Brinckley girl.

CROWNS-CORONETS-COURTIERS



MISS CLUTTERBUCK, DAUGHTER OF MR. AND MRS. CLUTTERBUCK, OF HARDENHUISH, CHIPPENHAM, WHO IS TO MARRY MR. ALLFREY.

Photograph by Lafayette.



MR. ARTHUR ALLFREY, GRANDSON OF THE FOURTEENTH BARON SAYE AND SELE, WHO IS TO MARRY MISS JOAN CLUTTERBUCK.

Photograph by Lafayette.

and inclination to see eye to eye for the perfect success of the new régime.

A Birthday at Bucharest. Next week, when the Queen of Roumania celebrates her sixty-fifth birthday, those who are dear to her and hold her dear will bear their congratulations to "Carmen Sylva" rather than to Elizabeth, Queen. For it is as a writer rather than a ruler that she is most happy, and in a copy of her book of folk-songs and ballads she has written, "The most beloved work of my life." When will our Queen take her book-making as seriously, one is inclined to ask? At present she regards it with some little personal excitement and pleasure, but primarily it is interesting to her as an ally in charity.

Mounted, but Unpublished. And sometimes, too, the photography which our Queen has turned to such good account serves the purposes of a little private turn of humour. The Queen has published no bantering snapshots of her royal kindred, but she has taken the most illustrious of all game has fallen now and then to that little arm of precision, her camera? It is not so very long since, at an Aldershot review, the royal mount jibbed—jibbed hopelessly, and finally had to be led. The Queen was in her carriage, ready to take dignified and appropriate photographs; and at the unluckiest moment of that little mischance snap went the royal camera, with the sound of delighted laughter.

An American Bride. The Palazzo Lepri, in the Via Condotti, made an admirable setting for one of the most brilliant marriages of the Roman year. The Parrishes, "of America," but of London too, have been living in Rome for some time, first in a charming apartment at the top of the Trinita steps, and latterly in the *piano nobile* of the palace from which their daughter Cora issued last week as Contessa Emo Capodilista. Another daughter of America, and sister of Cora, still inhabits the Palazzo Lepri, and she, like Miss

If the Prince of Wales is to transact more and more business for the King, the conclusion must by no means be drawn that the King is going to lessen his own activities. At Buckingham Palace, as elsewhere, business of all sorts has an awkward trick of expanding, thanks in part to the telephone. His Majesty has, during the current year, seen more people, paid more visits, and written more letters than ever before. Very welcome, therefore, will be any relief the Prince is able to afford; and his power eye with his father promises well

Elkins, is an unconscionable time a-marrying. For in Rome, where the young nobles are all impatient for the fair-complexioned hands of America, delays of weeks and days are considered irksome as whole seasons in more temperate zones.

Supers. A hint given in this column as to certain Jonahs on the Conservative ship has been developed by "M.P." in the pages of a monthly review. It is by no means agreeable for a Party leader to say good-bye to official colleagues who, health permitting, are still ready to serve under him; but that is what a Premier

is for; and two at least of the statesmen named are the last people in the world to bear Mr. Balfour any grudge for doing, when occasion arises, what he thinks his duty. A step in the Peerage for one and a brand-new peerage for the other will take away any latent soreness that might otherwise come to the surface in the aftertime. If there were no House of Lords, a Prime Minister's lot would surely be an unhappy one, for in it he has his big bag of consolation - prizes. With its well-oiled doors kept on the swing, shunting at Westminster becomes a pastime rather than a dangerous sort of task, which puts you in mortal fear of collisions.

"George." But when "M.P." incontinently includes Mr. George Wyndham in his list of probable future exclusions from office, he makes Tory and Liberal alike protest. Not a Tory club but has had the calm of its reading-room disturbed by a "No, no!" from some reader alighting on the paragraph which declares that the member for Dover should not give up to politics what was meant for literary mankind. Such talk is preposterous. It suggests to old stagers that certain persons who shall be nameless here cannot have their aspirations fully gratified unless a great many official vacancies are made. Well, they may rest assured that Mr. Wyndham will not be one of them. The romantic figures left in Parliamentary life are few enough, the House knows; and no leader could be so foolish, in making his Cabinet, as to throw away such stuff as that of which the ex-Chief Secretary for Ireland is made.

Til for Tat. He was a good Protestant, a very good Protestant indeed; and it irked him not a little to hear the festive season of domesticity still labelled "Christmas" in a land which had officially forsworn the Mass. So he got up a little agitation to have *Chris-tide* substituted for *Christmas*. His own name, as it happened, was Sir Thomas Massey-Massey; and lo and behold! a letter lay on his Christmas breakfast-table scrupulously addressed to Sir Thotide Tidey-Tidey.



MISS VIOLET RIDGEWAY AND MR. EDWARD DEVEREUX TOLLEMACHE, WHOSE MARRIAGE IS FIXED FOR FEBRUARY.

Miss Ridgeway is the only daughter of Sir West Ridgeway. Mr. Tollemache is the eldest son of the late Hon. Hamilton Tollemache, and a grandson of the first Baron, and is a lieutenant in the Coldstreams.

Photographs by Kate Pragnell and Lafayette.



MISS HONORIA RIDDELL AND MR. G. L. N. HOPE, WHOSE WEDDING IS FIXED FOR THE 29TH OF THIS MONTH.

Miss Riddell is the fourth daughter of Mr. John Gifford Riddell, of Felton Park and Swinburne Castle. Mr. Hope is of the Royal Naval College, Dartmouth.

Photographs by Mme. Lallie Charles and Lafayette.

IN THE ALLEGED "IMMORAL PLAY" AT THE COMÉDIE FRANÇAISE.



M. HUGUENET AS THE BARON COURTIN AND MME. BARTET AS THE BARONESS COURTIN IN "LE FOYER."

The production of MM. Octave Mirbeau and Thadée Natanson's "Le Foyer" at the Comédie Française the other day led to considerable uproar. There are many who allege that the play is immoral, and, as a matter of fact, M. Jules Claretie seems to have held the same opinion; but when the matter was brought before the French Courts some time ago it was decided that the play must be produced. There are others who argue that the real cause of the trouble was the fact that "Le Foyer" has as its central figure a Senator and a member of the Academy who is nothing better than an unscrupulous humbug, and that the people of France do not care to see their politicians and their "Immortals" degraded. "Le Foyer" is a Home for Poor Girls that is founded by the Senator in question. One act of the play as written is not given on the stage.

"HOW I SWAM ACROSS THE CHANNEL."

MR. SAM MAHONEY'S DESCRIPTION OF HIS SECRET FEAT.

CONFIDENT of his powers of endurance to swim the English Channel again, Sam Mahoney, the American swimmer, of Revere Beach, Massachusetts, has just announced, for the edification of the sceptical sporting public that has persistently refused to credit his last summer's swimming feat from Sangatte, France, to South Foreland, England, that next summer he will repeat his performance of last September—"and you may be sure that there will be no lack of reputable witnesses to vouch for my next swim," adds Mahoney. In discussing his this year's swim, Mahoney thus describes the performance—

"I arrived at Sangatte a month and a half before Sept. 11, the date upon which I began my swim across the Channel. In the interim preceding that day, Mr. Hamblin, my trainer, and myself had spent the greater part of the time studying the winds, currents, and the most feasible course to be pursued in swimming the distance, which, straight across, is about twenty-one miles. As a matter of fact, when I felt the ground under my feet at South Foreland, after having been in the water for twenty hours, I had covered a total distance of forty-one miles, and I am free to admit that I was thoroughly played out.

"I started at nine o'clock on the morning of Sept. 11. The inside of my bathing-suit was lined with a thick coating of prepared grease, so that the suit acted as a sort of blanket, and kept the water from my chest, back, and abdomen, and kept the heat in. From our tests during the month and a half's wait, we had found that the temperature of the water in the Channel varied from 58 to 70 degrees, an average which is several degrees higher than that to which I had grown accustomed at Revere Beach. My body had been rubbed with olive-oil, and over this had been applied a thick coating of grease, so that when I jumped into the water I looked quite different from the ordinary swimmer about to take a duck.

"Near at hand, when I slipped off the float with an American flag wrapped round my waist, was the French tug *Sophie* and a row-boat, the latter fitted with a compass, field-glass, two thermometers (one for taking the temperature of the water, and a clinical thermometer), a watch, water, and food, consisting of olive-oil, grape-juice, and sugar.

"When I started the tide had three hours to flood. The water registered 68 degrees; the sky was overcast; the wind very light; the sea perfectly smooth. I used the side-stroke, one hand over. The tide runs east north-east of Sangatte, and slackes up an hour before high water. For an hour and three quarters, in order to make as much progress north by east as possible, I headed north-west by north.

"At 10.45 the tide eased up, and I changed my course about two points more towards the north, in order to make a point north by east of Sangatte. Very shortly afterwards the sun came out and shone for two hours, during which time I continued in a north by westerly course until the tide turned, when I changed my course and began swimming west by south. I was still using the side-stroke. Hitherto I had been getting into position for the real

battle. Now for seventeen and a half miles I swam steadily towards the north-east Varne Buoy. I knew that if I won this lap and escaped the shore current around Cape Grizel that I would have a good position on the next tide to cross the Goodwin Sands current. During this race towards the Varne Buoy it began to rain, an event which helped wonderfully to freshen me up. The temperature of the water at this time was 58 degrees—the coldest of the day. At five o'clock the Varne Buoy was in sight. I felt sure of making it before the flood tide commenced. At half-past five this happened. I turned at once, and made for the nearest point in the Goodwin Sands current, which was north-west from my position.

"Just here I found that the overhand stroke was telling on my endurance, so I changed to the breast stroke. I confess that at this point in the swim I felt about 'all in.' A thunder-shower had come up; it was pouring in torrents, and had it not been for the encouragement of those accompanying me, I think I should have quit. As it was, I took a little grape-juice and olive-oil, and a big drink of water, and then started for shore straight across the tide.

"However, I soon discovered that if I wished to accomplish my task, I must turn and swim with the tide. Therefore I headed for South Goodwin light, with South Foreland light dead ahead. Now I was trying for a point between South Goodwin light and the shore, from whence it would have been impossible to fail. I missed the east of the light by half a mile. It was dark and raining at eight o'clock. I kept on swimming, swimming, swimming, towards what I felt was the goal of my efforts; but it was not until after the tide had begun to swing about that I felt I was making headway again towards these great cliffs.

"At eleven o'clock I ate more sugar and drank a little olive-oil and some water. A little later I resumed my side stroke. My line of direction was now west, although I swam north, as the tide was getting very strong. At three o'clock in the morning light began to dawn; the cliffs began to loom up nearer and nearer; the stars went out in the sky. I was swimming hard. I had lost the effective use of my legs, but kept at work with my arms. At 4.30 I was a quarter of a mile

from the shore, and could hear the shouting of the party on the tugboat encouraging me on. I felt then that I had won, and with one long final spurt with my arms I finally felt the sloping beach under my numbed feet, and a moment later I crawled ashore amid the cheers of my friends.

"It was a swim incomparable beside any that I have ever made. I regret that that part of the public which doubts its authenticity was not present during the entire swim. I was not aided in any way from start to finish, and I am now confident that I can make the swim again, and in much better time, when the coming summer arrives."

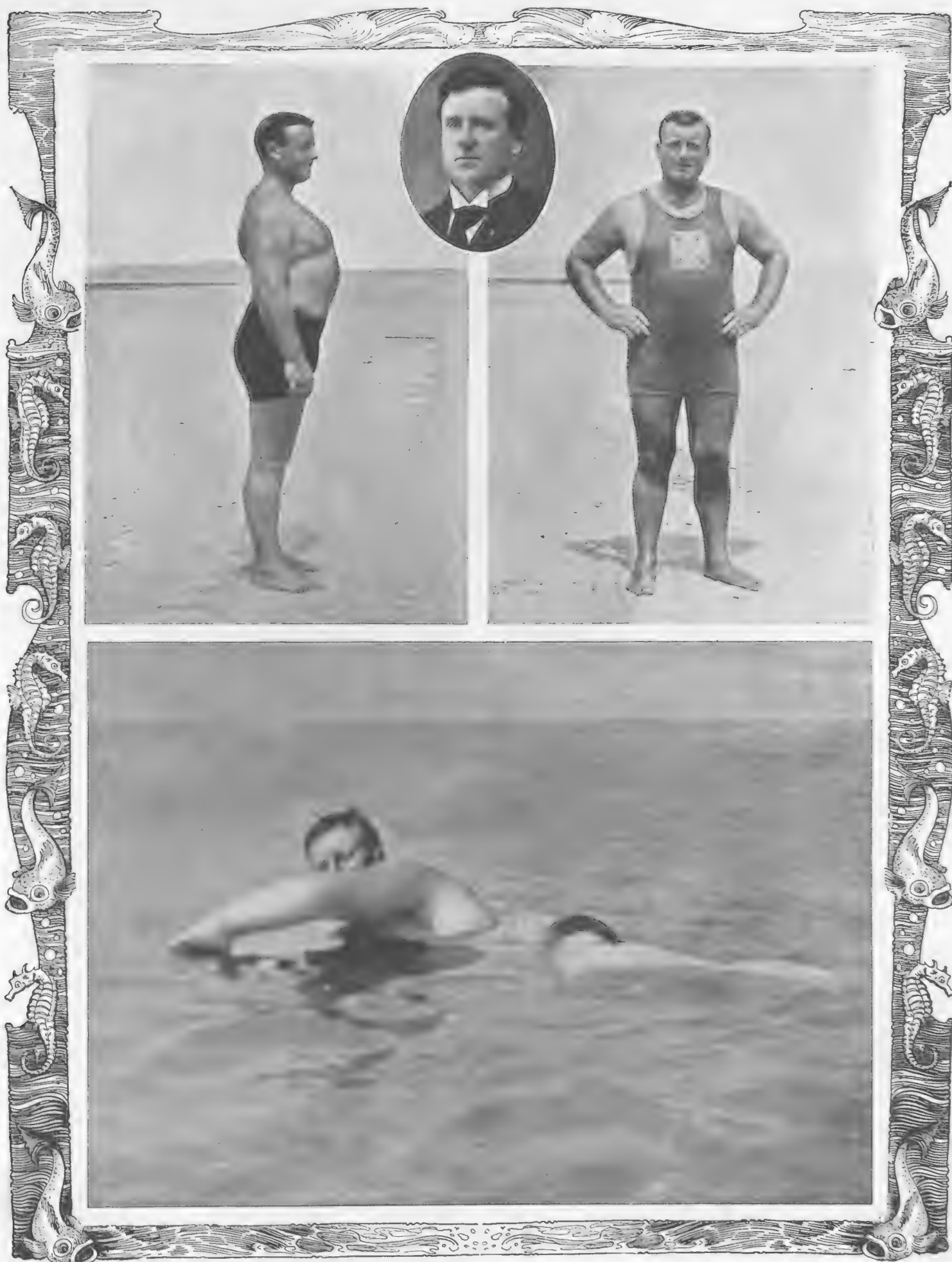
When Mahoney first began swimming, about nine years ago, he weighed 125 lb. To-day he strips at 210 lb.; he is 5 ft. 6½ in. in height, and forty-seven years old. His swimming has been developed in and around Boston, Mass., where he has often remained continuously in the water for from ten to fifteen hours.



THE SECRET CROSS-CHANNEL SWIM: THE AMERICAN WHO STATES THAT HE SWAM ACROSS THE CHANNEL LAST SEPTEMBER: MR. SAM MAHONEY.

A short time ago the "Boston Sunday Post" stated that Mr. Sam Mahoney, well known as a swimmer and an American coastguard, swam across the Channel from Sangatte to the South Foreland on the 11th and 12th of September of this year. We have been in communication with the American paper, and as a result are able to publish these photographs of Mr. Mahoney and the accompanying article.

THE AMERICAN WHO CLAIMS TO HAVE SWUM ACROSS THE CHANNEL
ON SEPTEMBER 11TH AND 12TH OF THIS YEAR.



MR. SAM MAHONEY, WHO CLAIMS TO HAVE SWUM FROM SANGATTE, ON THE FRENCH COAST,
TO THE SOUTH FORELAND, ON SEPTEMBER 11TH AND 12TH OF THIS YEAR.

Of his secret feat Mr. Sam Mahoney says: "I started at nine o'clock on the morning of September 11th. The inside of my bathing-suit was lined with a thick coating of prepared grease, so that the suit acted as a sort of blanket, and kept the water from my chest, back, and abdomen, and kept the heat in. . . . I used the side-stroke, one hand over . . . At three o'clock in the morning light began to dawn. . . . I had lost the effective use of my legs, but kept at work with my arms. At 4.30 I was a quarter of a mile from the shore. . . . I finally felt the sloping beach under my numbed feet, and a moment later I crawled ashore amid the cheers of my friends."

(See Article on opposite page.)

THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS

By E. F. S. (Honorable)

CHRISTMAS IN THE THEATRES.

THE crowds that throng to London at Christmas-tide will have the chance of seeing two only of the pieces which charmed them on Boxing Day last year. "The Merry Widow" is still waltzing, and it is beyond the mind of man to guess when she will stop. How many scores of thousands have visited Daly's since June 8, 1907, when she made her first curtsy to the public, I dare not venture to guess. Her popularity, her vogue, seem to have eclipsed anything of the kind in this century.

It is, however, noteworthy that there is to be a revival of one of the greatest favourites on record in this class of work, for "Dorothy" is to make her reappearance at the New Theatre: "Dorothy," which earned fortunes for several people and established the reputation of Miss Marie Tempest in comic opera; "Dorothy," constantly flung in the teeth of the critics as an instance of their failure to detect merit—a little unjustly, since the piece was run at a loss for a long time, and chopped and changed and transferred from one theatre to another before it caught the public fancy. The original run was of 931 consecutive performances, so "The Merry Widow" has a good deal to make up yet. Once more Mr. Hayden Coffin is to sing the "Queen of My Heart" song, which was not written for the opera, and no doubt he will deliver it as fervently as in 1886; and Mr. Arthur Williams will take his original part of Lurcher. The old playgoer looks back sadly to several names associated with the piece, such as Miss Marion Hood and Miss Edith Chester. The other play of last year's crop is the eternal "Peter Pan," which I expect will be performed every Christmas during the remainder of my life, and for a long time after my toes are turned to the stars, unless human nature changes; it is the rare piece in which the boys and girls rejoice, which pleases the "smart set," and delights the critics. What an awkward position that of poor Mr. Frohman, who had to make up his mind whether to leave the delightful Miss Hilda Trevelyan to go on telling us "What Every Woman Knows," or to let her once more become the irresistible Wendy. I daresay that Miss Gertrude Lang will be charming as Wendy Moira Angela Darling, but I am sure I shall regret Miss Trevelyan. Miss Lang may be perfect; if so, in the language of Lindley Murray, Miss Trevelyan was pluperfect. Lucky Mr. Barrie is to have "What Every Woman Knows" transferred to a new home—Hicks' Theatre—where it is certain to be one of the great attractions of the season. It will deserve its good fortune.

The other Christmas entertainments of a seasonable character will be "Pinkie and the Fairies," at His Majesty's, of which there are the most favourable reports, and three pantomimes on popular subjects—"Dick Whittington," at Drury Lane, which, of course, is

the pantomime; "Cinderella," at the Adelphi, and "Little Red Riding Hood," at the Lyceum. A little after Christmas Day there is to be a revival of a delightful piece, "Little Lord Fauntleroy," which is almost as old as "Dorothy." Lawyers still recollect the litigation connected with the infringement of Mrs. Burnett's copyright, protected by a bold and much-doubted decision of Lord Justice Stirling. "The Follies," now well established as London favourites, will be giving an irresistibly funny performance at the Apollo Theatre, and these droll people, to whom, as to the firemen of Paris, nothing is sacred, will be turning everything into mirth and ridicule.

Among the old favourites will be "The Lyons Mail," in the vigorous version by the strenuous Charles Reade, now the sole survivor of a dozen adaptations. In it Mr. H. B. Irving, as the hero and the villain, is giving such brilliant performances that even the wisacres do not wag their bald or hoary heads, and say scornfully, "Ah, but you should have seen his father in the play!"

The last of the old legion is the evergreen "Pirates of Penzance," in some respects the most amusing and tuneful of the Gilbert and Sullivan operas. Here, again, is one of the rare works of which it can be said that it is doubtful which is the greater pleasure—to see it for the first or the tenth time. Among the plays that appeal particularly to the younger folk is "The Flag Lieutenant," at the Playhouse, which has already a run of two hundred points or so, and is one of the big successes in the career of the popular Cyril Maude. There is also "Henry V.," at the Lyric, full of the warlike spirit in which boys rejoice, and the superb, swaggering speeches which excite patriotic Britain. They will find little fault with the energetic performance of Mr. Lewis Waller as the young King, supposed to be Shakespeare's favourite hero. For the rest, there are a number of popular plays making no particular seasonable appeal—two musical comedies, "The King of Cadonia" and "The Belle of Brittany"; a couple of farces, the

entertaining "Jack Straw," and Mr. H. Chambers's amusing "Sir Anthony." There is a serious mystical play, "The Passing of the Third-Floor Back," which is drawing crowds to Terry's; and there are some genuine comedies, such as "Dolly Reforming Herself," "Grit," and "The Builder of Bridges," all of them well established; the somewhat melodramatic "Idols," with which Miss Evelyn Millard has started her managerial career triumphantly; and the droll, very light comedy, "Lady Epping's Lawsuit" at the Criterion. As a last word I should like to add, with a sigh of satisfaction, that out of all this long collection, only two works come from abroad; one cannot often say anything so agreeable as to the state of the London theatres.

MISS METCALFE AS CAMPASPE.



MISS THOMSON AS HEPHESTION.



MISS KENYON AS ALEXANDER, KING OF MACEDON.

LADIES IN ELIZABETHAN DRAMA AT OXFORD: CHARACTERS IN LILY'S "CAMPASPE"

John Lily's "Campaspe" was successfully produced the other day by the students of Lady Margaret Hall in the New Masonic Hall at Oxford. Each performance was preceded by a pavane and galliard, danced in Elizabethan costume. It may be worth mentioning, perhaps, that Campaspe was the favourite of Alexander, and is said to have been the model for the famous Venus Anadyomene of Apelles. John Lily was born in Kent about 1554, and died in London in November 1606. His chief work is "Euphues; or, the Anatomy of Wit."—[Photographs by Hills and Saunders.]

The other Christmas entertainments of a seasonable character will be "Pinkie and the Fairies," at His Majesty's, of which there are the most favourable reports, and three pantomimes on popular subjects—"Dick Whittington," at Drury Lane, which, of course, is

"SIR ANTHONY" WITHOUT SIR ANTHONY.

THE NEW PLAY AT WYNDHAM'S.



1. MR. EVELYN BEERBOHM AS ROBERT MORRISON.

2. MR. EDMUND MAURICE AS PERCY GUY BULGER.

3. MISS CHRISTINE SILVER AS OLIVE BRUTON, AND MR. WEEDON GROSSMITH AS CLARENCE CHOPE.

4. MR. WEEDON GROSSMITH AS CLARENCE CHOPE, AND MISS NINA BOUCICAULT AS VICTORIA CHOPE.

In "Sir Anthony," Mr. Haddon Chambers, following in the footsteps of quite a number of playwrights, seeks to satirise Suburbanites of a sort that undoubtedly exists. He provides a number of parts suited to an excellent cast, and fits Mr. Weedon Grossmith particularly well. "Sir Anthony," it may be noted, does not appear on the stage. He is the famous politician with whom Clarence Chope claims an acquaintance that raises him in the social scale.—[Photographs by Foulsham and Banfield.]



BY ERNEST A. BRYANT.

Our Post-dated Christmas. Roast beef and plum-pudding cannot count the higher critics as among their friends. Those worthies would have us believe that we ought to do our chief festal feeding, not in December, but in September. Roast turkey might be possible in that month, but prime beef and the pudding that "queers" but not inebriates—! Until recently most of us, the rank and file of the amateurs in matters of chronology, had been content with a suspicion that the first Christmas occurred in what was really B.C. 4. But last spring, Colonel Mackinlay came out with the positive assertion that the year must have been B.C. 8. There he has Sir W. M. Ramsay with him. The gallant and learned Colonel reads his message in the skies, and finds that the Star of Bethlehem was actually

being a guest of the Duke of Westminster at Eaton Hall, the then recent burglary at his place was naturally discussed, and Lord Cholmondeley, who was present, told his friends how, warned by the Lowther Castle affair, he had made Cholmondeley Castle absolutely "burglar-proof." On Christmas night half-a-dozen of the Duke of Westminster's house-party stole away in the Duke's big six-cylinder car, and rapidly covered the fifteen miles dividing Eaton Hall from Cholmondeley Castle. In spite of all the burglar-traps they easily entered by the one weak link in the chain of defences. They "lifted" the Southdown Racing Cup, deposited a lump of the Marquess's excellent coal in its place, and returned, not unscathed, but undetected, to Eaton Hall. Next morning news of the "burglary" was all over the county, and the unsuspected burglars



DINERS IN THE LION'S DEN: A LION-TAMER'S STRANGE HOSPITALITY.

Captain P. G. Mundy, a well-known American animal-trainer, gave a dinner the other week at Baltimore, and invited to it the reporters on that city's papers and three of his full-grown lions. The animals roamed about the room at will, and took a share of everything the other guests had to eat and drink. The photograph reproduced above shows a similar banquet given by Captain Mundy at Coney Island.—[Photograph supplied by Shepstone.]

the planet Venus, and timing its journeys through space, he thus reaches his conclusion as to the first Christian year.

The Poet's Christmas.

One has already recalled on this page Dickens's manner of spending his Christmas. He wandered like some benevolent spectre through the mean streets of the town, glancing at the lighted windows behind which Christmas was being kept in the manner that Bob Cratchit kept it. But, if he drew happiness from thus keeping the day, one feels that he ought himself to have been behind windows lighted by rosy fire, gaily celebrating the occasion after the style of his characters. Tennyson, who wrote little to make the season memorable, was a tomboy Christmas man. See him in the midst of his family, blowing gigantic soap-bubbles, and humping up his shoulders high and "pretending to be a giant." Carlyle with his gloomy philosophy, Dickens with his imagination of the day as it should be, the day which the children of his brain lived and enjoyed, got no such gaiety from their Christmas Day as the poet who sang no stave specially in the festival's honour.

Christmas in High Life. The Marquess of Cholmondeley deserves to sleep in peace this Christmas, and to have no unpleasant surprise on awakening. He qualified for exemption from all ills last Christmas. The Earl of Lonsdale

meeting the victim at a meet of the South Cheshire Hounds, insincerely condoled with him on his misfortune. Then, of course, they owned up, made their apologies quite nicely, returned the Cup, and have been happy ever since.

Christmas in Darkest Ireland.

At the opposite extremity of the social scale, in a cabin in County Westmeath, there is a grimmer Christmas scene than this. The Irish of a certain class have it that a person who dies while the clock strikes twelve, leading in Christmas morning, escapes purgatory, and immediately enters heaven. And in this lowly cabin, on a Christmas Eve, lay a man at the point of death, his wife and daughter anxiously watching him. The end was near, but his vitality was not utterly exhausted. The question for them was: would he survive until after midnight? There seemed every prospect that he would, though the end could not be long after that delayed. The clock began to strike the midnight hour, and he still lived. The two women saw, as they imagined, his chance of Paradise passing away. At the sixth stroke of the bell the wife seized the pillow and pressed it with all her force down on the dying man's face; while the daughter flung herself upon his breast. When the last echo of the bell passed away their purpose had been achieved. The man was dead—murdered by his wife and daughter, to make sure of his going straightway to heaven that sombre Christmas morning.

EGGED ON TO — EGG !



1. EGGED ON.

2. EGG-ASPERATED.

3. EGG-CITED.

THE ARRIVAL OF THE CHRISTMAS DINNER: THE STRAY HEN GIVES AN EGG.

DRAWN BY G. L. STAMPA.



HEARD IN THE GREEN-ROOM



MR. S. MAJOR JONES, the Demon King of the Lyceum pantomime, is the only member of Messrs. Henry R. Smith and Ernest Carpenter's company who has been associated with their successful venture continually since the opening night, and has played in every piece they have produced. In the days of his theatrical youth he received a humorous admonition of the small value of the actor's calling and its comparative insignificance

and lack of dignity when weighed against the claims of a commercial traveller in spirits. The company with which he was acting went to Macclesfield for a week. Next door to the theatre was a small hotel, presided over by an old lady, and the members of all the companies used to foregather in it. The old landlady took a maternal interest in Mr. Jones, and often talked to him as he sat in the coffee-room. On the Friday afternoon a fellow-member of the company



A SECOND ELSIE SPAIN? MISS PEGGIE LORRAINE, WHO HAS JUST MADE HER DÉBUT IN "A WALTZ DREAM."

Miss Lorraine, who is eighteen, has just made her first appearance on the stage in "A Waltz Dream," at Glasgow, playing the part of Hana and understudying that of Franz, the rôle originally played by Miss Gertie Millar. Like Miss Elsie Spain, Miss Lorraine has come to the regular stage by way of the Stock Exchange Operatic and Dramatic Society.—[Photograph by Rita Martin.]

came to tell him of a notice to the company which the management had put up. The old lady turned with surprise to Mr. Major Jones and asked "Are you a theatrical?" "I am," he replied. The old lady shook her head sadly. "I didn't think that of you," she exclaimed. "What good will that do you trapesin' and trollopin' about the country? I thought you were travelling for a respectable firm like Dunville's."

By the way, it was a curious coincidence that Mr. Major Jones had what might be regarded as a prophecy of the theatre's success on the day it was opened. That date was March 30 of last year. The actor is a great Dickens lover, and he always has a tear-off Dickens calendar, with a quotation from one of the Master's works. When on the morning of the opening he tore off the date of the day before, he read the following words:—"The time comes, when you see your opening."—"Great Expectations."

The search for an intelligent pig which has been made by Mr. Robert Arthur for his pantomime at the Kennington Theatre recalls an amusing incident in the career of Mr. Richard Lambart, who was recently playing in "Bellamy the Magnificent," at the New Theatre. In acting with Sir Charles Wyndham, by the way, he renewed his business relationship with London's senior actor-manager, for some ten years ago, when a very young man, he leased the Criterion to produce Miss Martha Morton's play, "The Sleeping Partner," which gave Miss Lena Ashwell her first opportunity of demonstrating her individual talent. Then he took the Globe, where he produced two plays which did not succeed. After that he went to America, where for eight years he played leading parts, and made a reputation for himself as a particularly earnest and convincing lover. One season he accepted an engagement to play the juvenile leads at San José, California, and the way he played love scenes was the talk of the community. It was there that the incident above referred to occurred. It was the custom of the management to issue numbers to the purchasers of seats, and on a given night every week a number was drawn on the stage, and the holder of the corresponding ticket received a prize. It will be urged that this was a lottery, but San José did not trouble itself about that. It did trouble itself about the prize. One night

the prize was a small pig, and it had to be presented by the leading man, who was, of course, Mr. Lambart. Just as the actor finished his little presentation speech, the pig sprang out of his arms and dashed away. He dashed after it, and backwards and forwards across the stage he ran in a vain attempt to catch the struggling little beast, while the audience roared with laughter. At length he succeeded in capturing the prize, and as he held it up in his arms a stentorian voice cried from what would correspond with the back of our pit, "Play a love scene with him!"

People are so constantly being told that months must elapse between the writing of even a short play and the possibility of its production that a recent experience of Mr. Walter Pearce, who is playing in "Lady Epping's Lawsuit," comes with something of the charm of novelty. A man, of his acquaintance, whose face and figure render it easy for him to make up as Napoleon the Great, suggested one day that the actor should write him a sketch on that subject. Mr. Pearce, who had an idea for such a play, promised to do so, and then proceeded to put the matter out of mind, as he had other things he wished to do. One Thursday morning, however, not very long ago, "Napoleon" arrived and asked if his sketch was ready. "No," replied Mr. Pearce, "I haven't done anything at all in the matter." "That's unfortunate," said "Napoleon," for I have just been offered a trial matinée on Monday, and I was relying on being able to do the play we talked about." "That's all right," said Mr. Pearce. "You shall. Come back this afternoon, and you shall have the manuscript." He at once sat down to his task, and, as he wrote, Mrs. Pearce, who acts under the name of Miss Ella Erskine, typed the manuscript sheet by sheet, so that in the course of three hours the play was ready. The actors were engaged that afternoon; they read their parts, and, rehearsing on Friday, Saturday, and Sunday, they were able to play the little piece with such effect that it was booked for one of the larger halls, where it held the audience so firmly during its week's trial that arrangements for an extended tour are now being made.

Whenever Miss Madge Titheradge, who has made so pleasant a success in "Henry V." at the Lyric, has occasion to take a cab, she cannot fail to be vividly reminded of one of the most exciting incidents which ever happened to her, for it might have cost her her life. She was driving from the theatre at which she was acting to the station from which she travelled home after the performance. When crossing Trafalgar Square the horse took fright and dashed into a lamp on an "island." What happened next Miss Titheradge scarcely remembers, except that, after what seemed to be an eternity, she was extracted from a good deal of broken glass, and carried off to Charing Cross Hospital in the arms of a policeman. There it was found she had a wound three inches long and down to the bone in her arm. In spite of the shock she managed to play the next evening with her arm in a sling. Unfortunately, the cabman, who was thrown off the box, and was also taken to the hospital, was so severely injured that he lived only a few hours. After this, it is scarcely wonderful that Miss Titheradge confesses to a horror of cabs.



A NEW IDEA AT AN AMERICAN BALL: GRETCHEN LANGDON, THE TOE-DANCER, APPEARING FROM AN IMITATION ROSEBUD.

The incident occurred at a ball in America, and proved a great attraction to the guests.—[Photograph by Dunn.]

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LOOKING FOR "D's."



THE OLD LADY: Have you got all my trunks in, porter?

THE PORTER: Yes 'M.

THE OLD LADY: Are you quite sure I've left nothing behind?

THE PORTER: Not a copper, Mum.

DRAWN BY FRED BUCHANAN.



A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL

THIS HOUSE TO LET.

BY EDWARD H. COOPER.

ALONG the Kent coast there is a remarkable assortment of holiday resorts. Stoutly-built towns such as Ramsgate and Margate and Herne Bay are joined together by a fretwork of small villages of all sizes; three bungalows and an old parish church here, six fisher-cottages and a Wesleyan chapel there, and somewhere else what Monica describes as a "dear squeezey little red village," whose red-brick houses are not so perceptibly larger than Monica's best doll's-house but that she feels quite happy and at home in them. She and I had our quarters this summer in one such house, answering very precisely to the description of an older and more famous mansion at Chiswick, "too small to live in, but rather too large to hang on one's watch-chain"; and spent our days in a fashion of life of which we are both past masters. Most people who talk about "doing nothing" are simply ignorant of the common meaning of the English words; they go long walks by the sea-shore or along Swiss valleys, they bathe, or sit in deck-chairs reading magazines and novels while the children make sand-castles. When Monica and I say that we are coming to Hampton Bay to do nothing, we mean it; we lie on the sand (because the fetching and opening of deck-chairs is a troublesome and finger-pinching job), and neither read nor speak nor think nor move till hunger lifts us to our feet for a short spell of the only occupation which ever occurs to us. My twelve year-old companion has a weakness, I believe, for dreaming; otherwise she is able to say truthfully, if a little incoherently, that she has "done more nothing in the last year than anybody else has ever done in their lives."

These dreams fix themselves occasionally, I think, in some particular place or house, for the only attraction which ever moves Monica to take exercise is the chance of going over a house. She spends about two days, so far as I can make out, in a day-dream connected with some pleasing-looking villa or cottage (mostly picturing herself living there alone with a cat, a complete edition of Dickens, Mrs. Ewing, and Charlotte Yonge, unlimited cherries, and no milk-puddings), and then wishes to go and get further details of her dream-house. The taste being a simple and even amiable one, since it cheers up the neighbouring house-agent, from whom we get the keys, we mostly indulge it once or twice during seaside visits.

It seemed at first that fate would not be kind to us during the Hampton visit; all the houses were occupied, and that in a fashion which might give hints to a sardine-packer. As we crossed to the sea-front after breakfast, there seemed to issue from each house, first a Sunday-school treat, then a dispersing mothers'-meeting, then a procession of the male unemployed with pipes. But one day, as the cold weather drove us out for a walk to a distance of nearly a quarter of a mile from the village, we arrived at, and stood still gratefully and contemplated, a house which I felt sure would furnish Monica with a delightful dream for the next day or two, and the keys of which we should accordingly demand later on from Messrs. Wilson, Wyman, and Anstruther. I do not know what inspiration of humour induced the sad-looking youth who dealt with houses at Hampton to give himself this name; at other times he took life very seriously. But perhaps that was part of the joke.

The house in question was a long, narrow, stone affair, its narrow end-looking over the little bay; which latter, by the way, was so small that you would wonder how more than one person at a time could bathe in it; and the nine-year wit of Hampton had told Monica one morning that he could not bathe just then because "another boy was occupying the ocean." The long side of the house gave on to a road, which, after the fashion of Kent coast-roads, wandered on for three or four hundred yards, and then disappeared into a field. There were curiously few windows anywhere, but on the side away from the sea a verandah ran along the front, up which red rambler-roses (with a good deal of moss, weeds, and other extraneous matter) crept in a rather engaging fashion. The windows had no shutters, so that one could look in and see bare boards, walls with the paper dropping off them, and general desolation. Only on the verandah side a window was boarded up outside to about the height of a tall man, and shuttered inside. It was while standing on this verandah, looking round at a very desolate but large and well-planned garden, that we perceived that the place was not entirely deserted. A low, giggling laugh came from

the room near which we were standing—a very unpleasant, ill-natured little sound—which dwelt in Monica's memory for some time afterwards. That evening, just before bed-time, "What a horrid man that must be who was in that house!" she said emphatically; and again, at breakfast next morning: "Didn't he sound a horrid man?"

But the dream began and continued, as I expected; and a day or two later we must bestir ourselves and make an expedition to Wood End. Life had been a little uninteresting that week, the barometer had stuck at "Much Rain" with a persistency worthy of a better cause, and for once in its life the weather had accorded with the instrument's prophecy; twice we had been reduced to buying picture papers, and once Monica, sitting on the floor with her head on the chair, had sighed and wriggled impatiently. It was time for action.

Messrs. Wilson, Wyman, and Anstruther rose from his seat, bowing politely, as we came in, and said that he would be proud to take us over Wood End, but not immediately. The house was cheap, with a superb view, but it positively must be swept and aired, if only for an hour, before we went into it; it had been entirely neglected for various reasons, and the firm really could not permit any property of theirs to be inspected in such a condition. The situation was embarrassing to Monica and myself; we must not allow a busy firm of house-agents to spend time and money on our whims; on the other hand, the young gentleman was resolute, and we could hardly explain now that we had not the faintest intention of taking the place, whatever its price, state of repair, odour, or outlook might be. Finally we effected a compromise: a messenger might be sent to open the windows for an hour or two; but nothing was to be swept up and no one was to come with us to act as guide. We would call for the keys later in the afternoon and go by ourselves.

"Very good." The young man resigned himself to our decision, reluctantly giving up this chance of a little company and fresh air. "I will send one of my clerks to open the windows, and he can leave the door open for you till to-night."

"But a man lives in the house, doesn't he?" I asked, as we turned away. "Won't he object to that if he's out?"

"There is nobody there," said the other in some surprise. "The house has been empty for nearly ten years, and the proprietor does not care to afford a caretaker now."

"But I heard someone inside when we walked round it the other day," I persisted.

The agent sat down at his desk and moved some papers about with severe diligence, as if Mr. Wilson, Mr. Wyman, or the other gentleman had suddenly taken bodily shape and come into the office: "I assure you there is no one in the house," he said coldly. "Possibly someone was crossing the garden. The grounds are open now, and used as a thoroughfare sometimes; but we should, of course, advise the proprietor to put up new fencing."

The rain came on again presently, and I trust that the clerk who, as we saw from an adjacent shelter, was dispatched to Wood End on our business did not get very wet, as his clothes looked new, and the penny which the firm probably gave him for his errand would be neutralised in its satisfaction if his mother whipped him soundly. It was past six, however, before a slight break in the rain encouraged Monica and myself to pay our visit.

The clouds still hung low and black, the trees dripped steadily, water hung in great sullen drops from every blade of grass and leaf and bit of overhanging roof. The evening was so dark that the roses and tall wastrel hollyhocks and ragged sunflowers scarcely showed a shade of colour, and there was not a sound far or near except the splash of dripping water and the cawing of a little flight of rooks which were flying overhead to their nests in some great darkling elms beyond the village. The garden was a blur of vague shapes, some of its great overgrown plants standing up tall; dim, motionless, with straggling branches outstretched like human arms; and from trees and plants and silent windows there came down to us the impression, common enough in such deserted places, of being watched by hidden eyes.

As Monica pushed open the door, she moved back with a muttered exclamation of annoyance. The house agent, it appeared, had disregarded our requests and sent someone to show us over the

[Continued overleaf.]

THE HEART OF YOUTH!



BILL: Ketch me, a-takin' yer aht fer a 'Appy Dye agine!' Done nuffink but grumble, you 'aven't, ever since I put the snow-ball dahn yer back.

DRAWN BY NOEL POCKOCK.

house, for a man was standing just inside the door, who looked at us for a moment as we came in, and then led the way into the nearest ground-floor room.

He was such an odd-looking person, with something so curiously unpleasant about his politely smiling face, that I hardly wondered when my little maid shrank close to me, whispering a vexed question whether he need go all over the house with us; could not I tell him to go away? Unfortunately, that could hardly be done; the house agent had a perfect right to suspect us if he pleased, and in point of fact, our intentions were not so strictly honourable that we could afford to object to anything he might choose to do. And really the man was behaving in a very harmless fashion. He stood perfectly still, without word or look, staring steadily out of the open window, while we glanced round the room with an air as nearly like that of intending tenants as we could manage; then he made way for us respectfully, and still silently, as we came up to the window and looked out. A moment later I supposed he had left the room; but turning round afterwards, I found him still standing there, his lean brown hands hanging by his side, his eyes fixed on the opposite wall, and the same offensive little smile on his lips. Yet as I stood by the window I had distinctly heard footsteps cross the room and go out of the door.

The child and I went rather hurriedly from the room, and as we re-passed the front door both of us made an involuntary movement towards it. But the man walked past us and upstairs, turning to see if we were following, and it seemed rather ridiculous to depart without a word. Unwillingly and slowly, Monica holding tight to my hand and giving it a little pull now and again as if she climbed each step more reluctantly than the last, we followed up to the next landing, and towards a room whose open door suggested that our guide had gone inside it. And inside the room, as we hesitated for a second on the landing, I heard a little low laugh. After all, then, there had been someone in the shut-up house when we were here the other afternoon; and the same person was with us now.

I suppose every man's first instinct is the same on such an occasion, and is the sanest one—to behave for as long as possible in such fashion as to give no hint that he suspects anything wrong. If this person, for instance, was using the house for some nefarious purpose he would take Monica and myself into a few ordinary rooms, say something discouraging about drains to prevent our taking the house, and bow us out politely, unless we showed any intention of investigating inconvenient places too thoroughly, in which case there might be unpleasant consequences. Obviously, we had better follow in docile fashion wherever we were led, and then depart with all possible speed. Yet this was not going to be an easy task, for at the sound of the laugh my small lady had given a little gasp, and was now crouching against me, white to the lips with terror, trembling helplessly. She had brought her small terrier with her, who had followed us into the lower room and upstairs with short, angry growls, and was now curled up at Monica's feet, with ears pricked and hair bristling, and angry eyes staring in at the open door. My plan seemed the safest, however; I muttered to the child that we would not go on much farther, and we went into the room.

There seemed little enough cause for fear here. The man was leaning against a wall, from which great slips of old discoloured paper were hanging; dust lay thick everywhere; the boards were mouldy and uneven, twisted in places, and in one part of the room, close to where our guide was standing, one of them was tilted slightly upwards, as if it had been loose, and been moved, and carelessly replaced. Wandering aimlessly and frightenedly round the room, Monica came near this board, and I was on the point of telling her to keep clear of it, when I saw her look up at the man and recoil with a stifled exclamation of fear. Small wonder that she cried out, for surely no more horrible face had ever looked at the child during her twelve short years than was confronting her now. There was still the same fixed, half-sneering smile on the lips, but in the man's eyes was a passion of entreaty mixed with dreadful fear, as of a person who wants something terrible done, which they dare not, or even cannot ask for. As I saw the face it came to my mind in a little flash of irrelevant thought that this man had never spoken a word to us since we came into the house. Though we had been in the room now for a minute or two, and there was nothing whatever to see in it, he made no sign of moving. And once again, as I stood with my back to the door, though I was facing both Monica and our guide, light footsteps passed quickly by and out of the door behind me.

This sort of thing was distinctly not good enough. At the risk of falling among a gang of tramps, burglars dividing their plunder, or such-like persons, I twisted round a stick till its thick knob-end was available for purposes of offence or defence, and turned to investigate. A sudden great patter of fresh rain on roof and windows seemed more or less to account for the sound of footsteps, though they had passed out of the room (not at the door by which we had come in) with such a distinct sound that I could not imagine myself really confusing them with raindrops. As I went out of this other door, pursued by Monica, a curious little labyrinth of passages and small rooms, all dimly lit from one big passage-window,

disclosed itself; and, with the child holding on to me, it seemed impossible to go on. Monica was in no mood for further adventure; she was crying, "Come away—oh, do come away!" hysterically, and the little terrier in her arms was trembling and whining disconsolately in sympathy.

And then there appeared what seemed to be a fairly harmless solution of the footsteps. A few steps down one of the passages was a little room faintly lit by a small piece of glass looking into the passage, and at this cobweb-covered window was a woman's face, staring at us with eyes more full of fear and entreaty even than those of the man whom we had just left.

Monica was leaning against the wall, sobbing and protesting, and it was impossible to stay. But mere humanity seemed to compel one to open the door into this small room and ask what was the matter. I crossed the passage hastily, and entered with a word of polite inquiry on my lips, the woman's eyes peering round at me as I went to the door.

Dust and cobwebs fell in a little sticky cloud from the long-untouched doorway; a rat ran back into its hole; a strip of rotting wall-paper dropped suddenly, as if the jar of the opening door had finished the work of years, and fell forward with a little clatter on to a table where a dust-filled tea-cup stood, and plate and tea-pot and rat-gnawed bone of meat. But in the room there was no other creature or thing, living or dead. And in the larger room from which we had just come there was nobody—the man had gone.

I do not know precisely by what succession of movements Monica and I came back to the Hampton sea-front, but they were probably as rapid as they were unconscious. In spite of the dripping rain, no place surely had ever looked so cheerful as this little line of houses, with lights in the windows and friendly faces passing across them.

A man or two stood at the door and said good-evening to us; at an upper window a very improper small boy, all ready for bed with the exception of his nightgown, leant out and called a cheerful good-night to Monica; and at our own house the landlady welcomed us with the grateful news that dinner would be ready in ten minutes.

"But good 'evens, Missie," she went on, throwing up her hands as Monica's white face came into the lamplight, "what on earth have you been doing of? You look as if you'd been scared 'most to death."

Monica answered politely that she had been exploring a house called Wood End, and was cold.

"Wood End!" Mrs. Benson turned to me with reproachful eyes—"Dear heart, Sir, what's made you take Miss Monica into the haunted house at this hour of the evening? She'll be fancying she saw the ghosts and dreaming about them all night."

"Ghosts. . . ?" Monica's wide brown eyes lit up with new terror and question. Commands and entreaties were alike unavailing now to dislodge Mrs. Benson from the room or check her story—

"Twenty-two years ago," she informed us, "a man and his wife called Tarley was put there as caretakers for the winter. I see the man once or twice myself, and mind him well—as nasty, sneering, ill-natured a chap as anybody ever knowed. He worried his wife all day, sitting laughing and sneering at her while she worked, beating her, 'alf killing her sometimes, till she took to hiding from him for days together. She found a little dark room off a passage, they say, which Tarley never knew of, and she'd lock herself in here with a bit of food for days and days. This went on week after week, till the neighbours asked old Mr. Wheeler, who owned the house, to take them away; and as the old landlord was a good sort, and very friendly with everyone in the village, no one was surprised when the row ceased suddenly. They supposed the Tarleys had left."

"But they hadn't. The man had just stepped over to Ramsgate, bought a lot of poison, put it in his wife's food, buried her under the floor in the big room at the top of the first landing, and taken himself off out of the neighbourhood. Months afterwards, for some queer reason—they say murderers often does it—the man came back, and was seen prowling round the house one evening, and the neighbours got suspicious, and made Mr. Wheeler look over the house. Then the police found the woman's body, and nabbed the man, and hung him. Tarley told the chaplain, the papers said, that he'd got the horrors so bad about it all that he was real glad when the body was found, and once or twice he'd 'most prayed that someone would find it."

"Well, well," I said impatiently, "the Tarleys seem to have been disposed of pretty completely. We haven't been interviewing them to-night."

"Lucky for you you haven't, Sir. They do say in the village that the man can be seen any evening moving about between the room downstairs, where he made his wife eat the poisoned food and saw her die of it, and the room upstairs where he buried her; and the woman can be seen sometimes looking out of the window of the little room where she used to go and hide when she guessed that her husband was looking for her and meaning to do for her. Don't you go in there again, Missie, in the evening, or likely you'll be seeing them yourself."

THE END.

RIVALRY — AND IRONY.



COMPETITION.

DRAWN BY JOHN HASSALL.

WEARY — AND ILL AT EASE.



VERY WEARY: Wot did yer let go sudden like that fer, silly? Were anyone in the larder?

WEARY: Garn, I ain't silly! It weren't no larder; it were a b-b-b-barf-room.

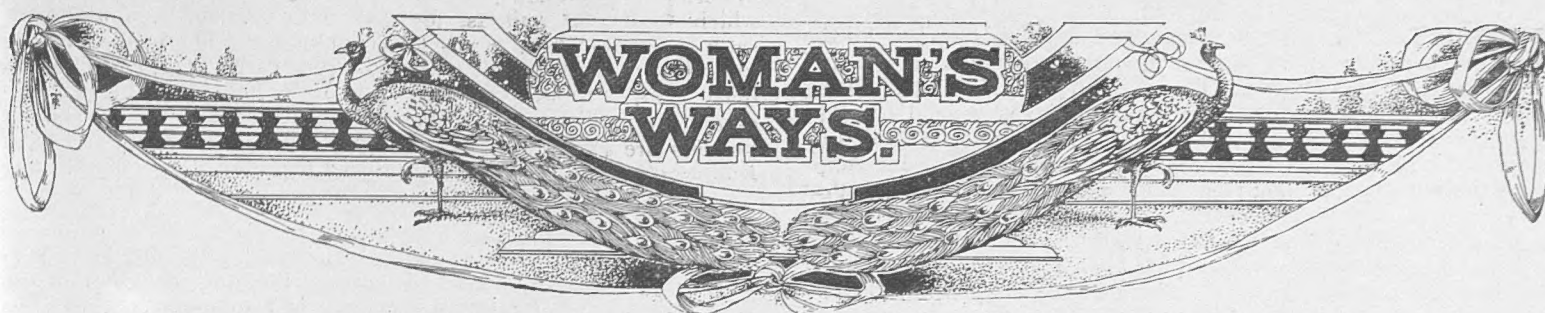
DRAWN BY G. E. STUDDY.

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By ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

**Christmas in
England Again.**

Human life is like a whirligig at a country fair, and if you wait but a few moments in the æons of time, be sure you will see the same persons fly by performing the same antics as you observed before. Thus it is that the fashion of spending the Christmas season in England has once more come about. Half-a-dozen years ago, no persons "in the movement" failed to board a Channel steamer about the twenty-first of December, and hurry down to overheated hotels on the Continent, to play at make-believe festivities with a horde of strangers. Even the children—the small boys from Eton and Winchester, the little girl-dots who should have been in their comfortable nurseries—were taken along to the shores of the Mediterranean, or transported to Algiers and Cairo. To-day the children are again to romp round their own Christmas-tree, taste the intoxicating delights of their first pantomime, and go to real parties given entirely in their honour in London. All this is as it should be, for Christmas is essentially the fête of the people in socks and latchet-shoes, and it is only proper that they should celebrate it in the way which pleases them best. We may be sure of it that these shining ones do not yearn for palm-trees in December, but are content with such warmth as glows in the nursery-fire, and the society of those glittering fairies as abound near Drury Lane and His Majesty's Theatre.

**A New Terror
to "Home."**

No American home, it would seem, will in future be complete without an operating-room, which will be fitted up with every sterilising appliance, so that the harmful, unnecessary appendix will be able to be removed at any hour of the day or night by ringing up a surgeon; and motor accidents, babies, and other untoward happenings can be vigorously and scientifically tackled on the spot. This pleasing innovation in Transatlantic social life is due to the enterprise of the directors of the Waldorf Hotel, who, seeing valuable guests constantly torn from them and removed to nursing-homes, hospitals, and sanatoria, wisely resolved to keep their millionaires to themselves, and provide them with every facility for surgical operations or medical treatment. "Taking your ease at your inn" will in future have a somewhat different meaning, for it may portend the removal of various parts of your internal economy, trepanning, or the occasional loss of an arm or a leg. I feel confident the operating-room in every "well-appointed home" will prove immensely popular in the States. There is a kind of exaggerated domesticity about the idea which must appeal to a people who are chiefly not at home.

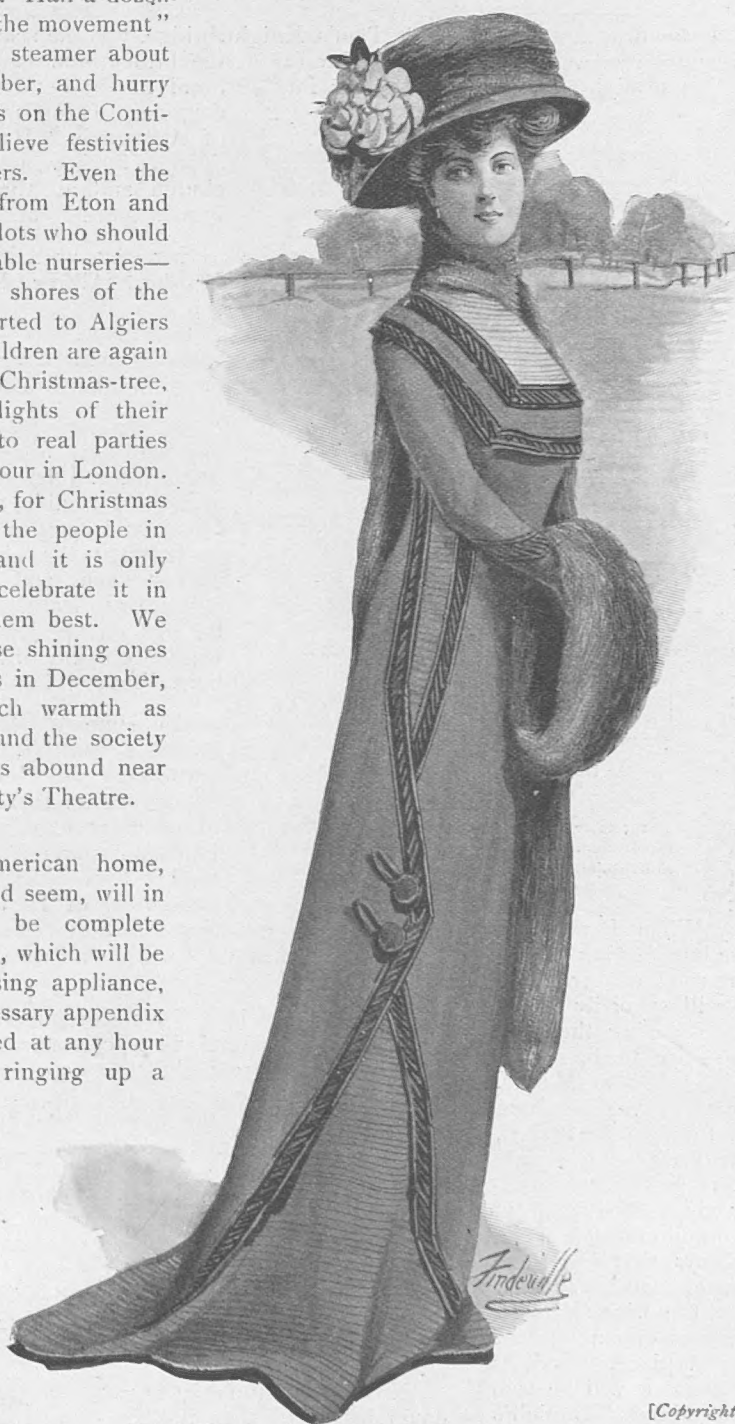
**The Destroyer of
Beauty.**

Though London is nowadays amazingly full of good-looking people, the capital of the Empire has, according to eugenic experts, a fatal effect on beauty. Care and bustle—the two chief drawbacks to London life—are both inimical to good looks. We are assured that all the pretty girls and handsome boys are newcomers from the country, and that many of them will presently be rent and torn on London's wheel, and sent back, anæmic and forlorn failures, to the country villages from which they set forth to conquer the town. This applies equally to the upper classes, who inhabit the country for nine months of the year, and then bring their charms—the women their starry eyes and fresh skins, the men their vigour and high stature—to illumine Mayfair staircases and ornament the Opera-House between May and July. Our aristocracy and landed gentry, however, are still tough enough to stand the strain of a month or two's unmitigated gaiety, and though a trifle sallow and faded by the time Goodwood looms, they go back to their country-seats with every prospect of a rapid recovery. It is a pity that something cannot be done to remedy this parlous state of affairs, for there is no doubt in the mind of those who have tried other capitals that London is the only really amusing place to live in.

**Marriage and the
Actress.**

There is one subject they never tire of discussing over in Paris, and that is the question, "Should actresses marry?" In England we see no insuperable barrier between the stage and domesticity, seeing that some of our most violently popular actors invariably appear in the same plays with their lawful wives; but in France, the idea of a *comédienne* with account-books, perambulators, *et tout ce qui s'ensuit*, seems to be unthinkable. The public demands that the feminine artist should experience violent emotions, but never the tranquil joys of the hearth; she may make all Paris ring with her love-affairs and her extravagances, but she must not be known to be devoted to her husband or ever be seen doing knitting in her back-parlour. In short, the French actress must conceal her domesticity much as the women writers of the time of Jane

Austen hid their literary work under the first sofa-cushion. The whole question, it is clear, is one of popular prejudice. Violent emotions—or, at least, "scenes"—are not unknown in married life; while it is possible for a Sarah Siddons to be an adoring wife, an anxious mother, and a housekeeper of thrifty tendencies. The classic phrase "But will it wash?" could hardly, however, have passed the lips of a Rachel or a Duse; and there is something peculiarly English in the combination of the beauty and genius of a Siddons with maternal feelings and a nice care for pence.



A DIRECTOIRE GOWN IN CEDAR GREEN.

(For Notes on Fashions of the Moment, see the "Woman-About-Town" page.)

[Copyright.]

THE WOMAN-ABOUT-TOWN.

EVERYTHING is hustle, bustle, and hurry this week. All the women-about-town are on shopping thoughts intent, and most of the men too. The roadways are full of palpitating motors and heavily laden vans and smart carriages wedged together in slowly progressing streams of traffic, and in blocks controlled by units of the police force. Everyone is talking not shop but shopping, and most people look pleasurably excited, which is to say that the women-about-town are looking their best. I walked down Bond Street the other day behind a fine, stalwart, soldierly-looking young man and a dainty little lady, who were talking and laughing together and looking in the shop windows. Many people bumped into them—we are all in far too great a hurry to look where we are going—and always the tall man lifted his hat and apologised, for, tell it not at a Suffragist meeting and publish it not within the walls of Holloway, the bumpers were mostly women, who, having to take the outside of the pavement, yet walked along with their eyes glued on the shop windows. At last one lady bumper recognised in the courteously apologising man King Haakon of Norway, and looked very bothered. He recognised the lady too, so they shook hands and laughed, and were joined by Queen Maud, who laughed too, and explained that the shops were fascinating enough to account for anything.

I see that long stoles and wide soft muffs are the furs most in vogue. The weather has not, as yet, been severe enough for wearing long coats entirely of fur. I often wonder how, on a mild, muggy day, such we have so often, women can wear even short fur coats, as many do. Of course, it is difficult, once one starts furs, to stop them. Consequently the stoles and muffs are the safest, as they are also the smartest, form of fashionable peltry. I saw some beauties at Revillon Frères the other day, when I went through their really beautiful salons at 180, Regent Street. It is a treat to see such rooms, quite apart from the beauty of their contents. There are some pure Empire, others Louis Quinze, others Louis Seize. In colour, as in form, the characteristics of each period have been faithfully preserved. I was pleased to hear that the furniture was all bought from English firms. It is a principle of the firm that in every capital they have the things for their fine establishments purchased in that capital. Their furs are magnificent. As they have their own fleet of ships for deep water, and of boats to run up the rivers to their trappers' posts, they are in a position to provide the best at the best prices from customers' point of view. They have an enormous dressing industry, too, and a unique staff of cutters and fitters. With it all, quite moderately priced peltry can be seen at these lovely showrooms. "As the days lengthen the cold strengthens" is usually true, so in the New Year fur coats will be wanted. There are many at Revillon Frères that will make it well worth while to have the cold strengthen, if it is only to have the pleasure of seeing them. When I was last there it looked as if the world and his wife were busy buying furs.

Nothing appeals more strongly to a woman proud of her home than beautiful glass. Christmas presents that will specially please all such—and, in spite of our clubs and our golf-playing, there are very few of us not proud of our homes—are to be found in the splendid collection of Salviati Venetian glass at Messrs. A. B. Daniell and Sons, 42-46, Wigmore Street. There is a rare fascination about it, not only in colour, but in form. The first is, of course, most attractive: there is a jewel-like quality in the glass that makes it lovely to look at. Whether it is rich green, gold-powdered and contrasted with delicate mountings of crystal in quaint imaginative designs, amber-like spun-gold, ultramarine blue, delicate blue, soft pink, or ruby, there is always that jewel-like quality that fascinates. The forms are, of course, beautiful in their delicate grace. The winged lion, the dragon, the winged horse, and the swan make frequent appearances, always enhancing the beauty of some charming and unusually shaped piece. As it is quite impossible adequately to describe this glass, it will be well worth the time of those who cannot go to Messrs. Daniell's fine galleries to see it, to write for a profusely and beautifully illustrated catalogue of the finest pieces. This firm is the sole agent in London for the Salviati glass, many specimens of which are reproductions of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, all of which have artistic value in form, colour, and design.

On "Woman's Ways" page a drawing will be seen of a Directoire gown in cedar-green corded silk, trimmed with silk braid, and having a chemisette of tucked muslin.

When Christmas is over, womankind's next excitement is the sale season. It will interest them to know that at Peter Robinson's, Oxford Street, will commence on Wednesday, the 30th, the sale of sales, when phenomenal reductions will be made in all departments.

The catalogue of this enormous sale is full of enticement. Think of écreu net tucked and lace-inserted blouses for 4s. 11d.; fur toques, which were four guineas, for 52s. 6d.; charming newly made satin Imperial evening gowns for five pounds! These are merely an indication of what may be expected. The carpet, rug, and linoleum department is to be relinquished, in order to give more space for others. Here there will be exceptional bargains. Thus, when the holidays are over, the sport of bargain-finding will begin, and Peter Robinson's, Oxford Street, will prove a happy hunting-ground.

One of the smartest weddings celebrated after the New Year will be that of Miss Violet Ridgeway, the only daughter of Sir West Ridgeway. Her future husband is also connected with the public service, for he is Mr. Edward Tollemache, grandson of the first Lord Tollemache. Miss Ridgeway is clever and accomplished, and has been a great traveller, for her father has served the Empire in more than one of its outposts.

Miss Honoria Riddell will almost certainly be able to look back on having been the last Society bride of 1908. Her marriage to Mr. G. L. M. Hope, of the Royal Naval College, Dartmouth, will take place on the 29th in the private chapel of her father's beautiful place, Swinburne Castle, Northumberland.

St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, was the scene of a very pretty wedding last Monday (21st), the bridegroom being Captain Fraser, of the Inniskilling Fusiliers, and the bride Miss Cuckoo Brooman-White, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Brooman-White, of Ardarroch. Many well-known people in Scotch Society were present both at the church and at the reception held by the bride's mother at 12, Bruton Street.

Mr. Arthur Allfrey, only son of Captain Mowbray Allfrey, late of the 15th Hussars, and the Hon. Mrs. Allfrey, of Greenways, Chippenham, has just become engaged to Joan, second daughter of Mr. Clutterbuck, of Hardenhuish Park, Chippenham.

A very suitable Christmas present for a man who does not wear a beard is a Gillette safety-razor. It enables him to shave with much less trouble, and a great saving of time, blood, and temper. It requires no stropping or honing; the blade is always ready and always keen, and there is nothing to set, adjust, or to learn. Prices and particulars may be had on application to the Gillette Safety Razor Company of England, Limited, 17, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

In spite of Mrs. Carrie Nation, it is probable that many men will continue to burn away the bread-and-butter of those dependent on them in the form of cigarettes, of which an excellent new brand (the Cabañas Habana cigarette) has been placed on the market by Messrs. H. de Cabañas y Carvajal Sucesores, of Havana. It is cork-tipped, combines the qualities of the cigar and the cigarette, and is sold in boxes of 10, 20, and 100, at 9d., 1s. 6d., and 7s. respectively.

A useful substitute for a Christmas card, and one which can be equally ornamental, is a calendar. We have received some good specimens from the "At-a-Glance" Calendar Publishing Company, their chief feature being an ingenious device for making prominent the day of the week by means of a small adjustable frame round the number.

The Great Western Railway Company have issued some beautifully illustrated and well-written travel-books dealing with the winter resorts of Devon, Cornwall, and other holiday counties. The special Christmas excursion programme this year contains particulars of numerous excursions by fast trains to various districts for short or long periods: and the ordinary train service will be found especially convenient for the Christmas holidays.

No better testimonial to the value of "Sanitas" as a disinfectant could be found than the fact that it has been used for many years to disinfect the Royal Agricultural Hall at Islington, on the occasion of the annual Cattle Show. At the last Show, recently held, the familiar smell of "Sanitas" once more permeated the pens, and soothed the olfactory nerves of visitors, inspiring them with confidence against the onslaught of germs.

A tribute to the excellence of Thermos flasks has recently been paid in the shape of imitations, and the patentees (Thermos, Limited) have found it necessary to vindicate their rights at law. On Friday, the 11th inst., Mr. Justice Eve granted an injunction against a company for infringement of the plaintiff's patent rights.



A NOVELTY: THE WINE-DRIP CATCHER.

The catcher is sold by the Alexander Clark Manufacturing Company, of 125 and 126, Fenchurch Street, E.C., and costs 2s. 6d. in Welbeck plate, 5s. in heavy sterling silver.

CITY NOTES.

The Next Settlement begins on Dec. 28.

CHRISTMAS IN THE STOCK EXCHANGE.

DURING the week in which occurs Christmas Day, the Stock Exchange makes very little pretence at doing any business. By an unfortunate arrangement of circumstances, which could only be altered with difficulty, it always happens that Christmas Eve forms one of the end-December account-days. This year, it is the Mining contangoes which fall to be done next Thursday, and this means a lot of detail work for Stock Exchange staffs in offices where Mining shares are dealt in. Those staffs, however, are mostly good-humoured enough, as they hasten to make out statements and carry-over contracts which will arrive with the other Christmas cards at clients' houses on the following day. Some firms of brokers make a regular practice of sending out Christmas cards to all their customers. The wishes for "Prosperity and good fortune in the New Year" have been known to cause a merry twinkle in the eye of the client, who realises that the greeting savours not wholly of disinterestedness. Within the Stock Exchange itself the spirit of Charity and Revelry holds high sway. Mr. "Salvation" Smith is in his element, and fills his tambourine a dozen times with copious collections of copper and silver in aid of his beloved Army. The post-horn disturbs the echoes in the dome, as for years past has been the habit on the eves of Christmas and the New Year. Staid members with a regard for the safety of their hats venture but little into the giddy throng, and the day preceding the festival is concluded with song and dance and good wishes galore.

KAFFIRS AND THE DIVIDENDS.

Taken all round, the dividends just declared by the leading Kaffir Companies are a satisfactory batch, and it is a matter for some surprise that the market has not been favourably influenced to a material extent. Possibly the public apathy is due to people taking more interest in Christmas presents than in Kaffir shares; possibly, also, to the fact that in no case has there been any declaration so remarkably good as to challenge general attention and discussion. Moreover, the slump in De Beers has detracted from the attractions of the market; the Balkans business checks Continental buying; the end-of-the-year money requirements tend to keep the public out of the markets. Kaffir shares there are which can be bought to yield about 8 to 10 per cent. on the money, the Companies enjoying promise of reasonably long lives. These are the shares which should be sought and bought by the speculative investor who can take up his purchases and await future developments with patience.

THE FLOOD OF NEW ISSUES.

Stagging will come to be quite fashionable again if premium-hunters find new issues "going off" as well as the most recent ones have done. The worst of it, from the stag's point of view, is that for any really cheap stock there is such a rush that the subscription-lists close up before he is able to grasp the situation and send in his application. That there will be plenty of opportunities to obtain good securities at a reasonable price is evident to those who know what a stream of new issues awaits the coming of the New Year, when the flood-gates will be let loose and the rush outdistance even that which has been seen during the two or three weeks before Christmas. The effect upon Stock Exchange business of such a movement is rather difficult to measure. Viewed in one way, it diverts money from existing stocks or shares; in another, it adds to the number of securities in which the public deals. A third effect is, naturally, to depress present issues, while a fourth is to encourage investors to adopt the waiting attitude, in the expectation of securing still greater bargains.

RAILWAYS IN RHODESIA.

No vast effort was required to advance the prices of the Debenture stocks of the Beira Railways, Mashonaland Railways, and Rhodesia Railways. So narrow is the market that prices could be lifted with a minimum amount of buying, and a little intelligent advertisement. Compared with other Debenture stocks of railways abroad, these in the Rhodesian Companies look cheap, and the guarantee which some of the issues possess—of the British South Africa Company—no doubt appeals to a certain class of investor in the country. The air, moreover, is full of spacious—if vague—schemes of railway extension and development in the Colony. Every now and then we are told, quite gravely, that the Rhodes and Beit Trustees are about to put money into Rhodesian Railway work, and the plausibility of the tale is relied upon to cover over its inherent improbability. The traffics are certainly better, and nothing could better please us than to be able to encourage the idea that now is the time to buy the stocks. But we cannot do so in the face of the difficulties, physical and financial, which lie ahead of the Companies before they are settled on a firm basis; and we are bound to counsel the investor to use the utmost caution in buying the stocks in the glamour of the recent rise.

THE SANTA FÉ LAND COMPANY.

Not for the first time, a good deal more information was given by the Chairman of the Santa Fé Land Company in his speech at the meeting on Friday, the 11th inst., than was contained in the annual report. It was announced that the new shares, which were created in June last, will be offered to shareholders early in the new year at 10s. premium. This means that shareholders will have the right to apply for rather more than one new share at that price for every five old shares they hold, and, of course, constitutes a considerable bonus for present shareholders.

The new issue will provide over £270,000, and some surprise was felt at the large amount of new capital required. £50,000 of this, however, will go to pay off the 6 per cent Debentures, thus effecting an annual saving of £3000. The balance of the money will be devoted to further largely increasing the stock of cattle—14,000 more have been bought or ordered—and to developing the resources of the Company's enormous property by draining, fencing, planting alfalfa, etc. In this way the next few years should witness a further large increase in the profits from the sale of cattle, the largest and most permanent source of revenue. The Barrancosa Estancia, where the cattle are fattened for market, is capable of bearing a much larger head of cattle than have yet been put upon it, and the resources of the Northern Camps are almost unlimited. Another source of revenue, which is likely to show a considerable increase in the next few years, is the sale and letting of the unoccupied lands. In this connection a new system has been inaugurated in the past twelve months. Up to now it has been the rule to place to capital account two-thirds of the proceeds of land sales, and to take credit for only one-third in the annual revenue. The result of this has been that the 4,000,000 acres in the Company's Northern Camps now stand in the balance sheet at the ridiculous sale of 2s. 3d. per acre. Last year 87,421 acres were sold for £50,084, and the lowest possible estimate for the value of these lands would be 10s. per acre. It has been decided in future to place 2s. 3d. per acre of the price obtained for land to capital account, and to carry the balance to revenue. This should, of course, add largely to revenue for many years to come. It may be objected that this is paying money out of capital, and that the value of the property is being diminished by these sales; but it should be remembered that these unoccupied lands are not contributing one penny to the revenue until they are sold, and that the earning powers of the Company will not be diminished by their sale. The timber business is being developed, and the Company's light railways driven further into the forests. The forest land, where cleared, is proving very valuable, and large areas are being planted with alfalfa, and will provide cattle stations. The announcement of the issue of new shares seems to have had a depressing effect on the market, but I think that shareholders will find their shares a very good investment in the long run, and may rest assured that the Company's assets represent much more than the present price of the shares, and will grow in value year by year. Q.

TWO WEST AUSTRALIANS.

The past twelve months have witnessed a marked revival of interest in the Westralian Market. The reason of this is not far to seek. Up to eighteen months ago it was the general opinion that although the reefs in the Golden Mile might continue to great depths, the decrease in average value which took place generally between 1000 and 2000 feet was likely to continue, so that mine managers were preparing to treat a lower grade of ore. All these ideas have been upset by the wonderful discoveries at the *Great Boulder Proprietary Mine*, the deepest mine in the field, and it now appears that the average value of the lodes below 2000 feet will be higher than in any of the upper levels. It is thought that this will enable the Great Boulder to increase its quarterly distribution shortly to 1s., instead of 9d., per share; but whether this be so or not, the position of the mine is vastly improved, and the considerable rise which has occurred in the price of the shares since I referred to them last summer is fully justified. Scarcely less important have been the developments at the *Ivanhoe Mine*, where the East lode at the 1820-foot level has proved to be larger and richer than in the upper levels. The report of the developments for the month of October just received by shareholders is particularly satisfactory, and at £8½ I regard the shares as among the best mining investments in the world. The Company is paying regular dividends of 24s. per share per annum, a return of 14 per cent. at 8½; and I think the next report will be the most favourable ever issued. The *Kalgurli Mine* has been rather under a cloud for the past year, and this condition of things may last a little longer, but there is every reason to expect that in the long run this Company's position will recover. There is no doubt that the late manager was over-sanguine in his estimates, but the present manager, Mr. Blake, is most highly spoken of, and his statements may be fully accepted. At the meeting this week the Chairman remarked that the ore in sight was sufficient to keep the mills going for four years, and that in the lowest levels the prospects were now more promising. In these circumstances I would not advise any of your readers who may have bought at prices above those now ruling to sacrifice their shares, for developments at any moment may vastly improve the position. Q.

Thursday, Dec. 17, 1908.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C.
Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

MINES.—(1) If paid for, hold for three or four months, when the returns should be greatly improved by the new reduction plant. We do not expect much rise until then. (2) As a speculation for improvement next year, the Kaffirs are promising.

OXON.—We do not know the firm you mention. We did not allude to the Central Stock Exchange.

W. H.—There appear to be assets to cover the Debentures, but the Company makes a loss every year. Rather than sell at the present price, we should hold, in the belief that you would get more in a break-up.

CONSTANT.—We would rather hold National Telephone Deferred. The San Paulo new Loan looks attractive.

MAMMON.—The Options Syndicate appears to us a pure gamble, and we would rather not take the responsibility of advising.

L. H.—Mines are always touchy things, and if the shares were our own we should get out; but developments in a few months may prove this advice quite wrong, and we give it with great diffidence.

W. G. T.—(1) The New San Paulo Loan looks attractive, and United of Havana or Interoceanic of Mexico Preference stock should do for the balance of your money. (2) Knight's, Paarl Central, and Princess might suit. (3) In the present state of trade the Industrials do not seem attractive.

PAT.—Our impression is that Nitrates will all improve. Taquahs will probably pay to buy if the price slips back to about 2½ ex dividend.

NOTE.—In consequence of the Christmas holidays, we are obliged to go to press early with the issues of the 23rd and 30th inst., and must ask the indulgence of our correspondents who do not find answers to their inquiries in this column.

RACING TIPS, BY CAPTAIN COE.

At Kempton Shirley may win the Hounslow Steeplechase, Lucifer the Christmas Hurdle, W. M. the Richmond Hurdle, Carsey the Hampton Steeplechase, and Magic Lad the Park Steeplechase. At Hooton I like these: Westminster Steeplechase, Roman Law; Sutton Hurdle Race, Ballymac; Cheshire Hurdle, Abelard; Hunters' Steeplechase, Kelsby. At Cheltenham White Eyes may win the Christmas Steeplechase, Mint Tower the Cleveland Hurdle, and Downpatrick the Open Steeplechase. At Dunstall I like St. Clare for the Wolverhampton Handicap, and Vitality for the Holiday Hurdle. At Windsor, Clyduff may win the Thames Hurdle, Kilbeg the Three-Year-Old Hurdle, and Irish Wisdom the Clewer Steeplechase.

CONCERNING NEW NOVELS.

"The Guest of Quesnay." By Booth Tarkington. (Heinemann.)—"Mr. Beke of the Blacks." By John Ayscough. (Eveleigh Nash.)—"The Blindness of Virtue." By Cosmo Hamilton. (Hutchinson.)

IT is a great thing to have the gift of vivid language, even if, ungratefully, its possessor puts it to such uses as—"pommel it was; to use so gentle a word for what to me was crash, bang, smash, battle, murder, earthquake, and tornado." There is a smack of the American college-cheer about this sentence, just as there is the savour of aggressive energy about the writing of Mr. Booth Tarkington. He is very energetic in "The Guest of Quesnay." He opens with a description of the procession upon the boulevards, that runs into four pages, and is good all the way; so good that it is disappointing to find it really has very little to do with the Guest of Quesnay, who is, indeed, quite another story. Shorn of superabundant and strenuous detail, the strange tale of the Guest is slight; one suspects padding, an excellent short story masquerading as a novel. And yet it is not quite that, or, at least, Mr. Tarkington's artifice does not allow it to be so. Perhaps the best way to describe it is as a kitcat; and the kitcat, it will be remembered, was a size not scorned by the masters. It contains a capital motor smash, and a mysterious professor, and the Guest, whose history, as it unfolds itself reluctantly, is full of tragic interest. What is the connection between the battered rake of the opening chapter, whose "bruised and dissipated mask" bore witness to the degradation of its owner, and the old-young man with the silvery hair and the innocent heart who haunted the woods of Quesnay? This is the question that will chain the reader to the printed page until light—and the last chapter—confront him.

Mr. John Ayscough has travelled a long way since he wrote "Mr. Beke of the Blacks." He has travelled as far as "Marotz," which is a book to stand conspicuous among its kind. The author's note tells us that "Mr. Beke" was written over ten years ago, and was first printed, in an abridged form, in *Temple Bar*. The editor, we may suppose, had a nose for quality. Uneven, badly balanced, crude as the novel in its present condition is, it still possesses that rare thing, distinction. This, Mr. Ayscough wishes us to understand, is exactly what Mr. Beke possessed. He was a junior subaltern and a younger son; he was neither extraordinarily good-looking nor brilliant; he was only well-bred, well-mannered—a

quiet, decent English gentleman. It is quite plain that if he had been telling his own story he would not have held up the Orde ménage to ridicule, when, as it seems to us, its miseries called for compassion. Captain Orde was an impecunious brother-officer who asked him to supper one Sunday night in his jerry-built, shabby, hired villa, and gave him cold beef, which he detested, and salad made (by the nurse-child) with bicycle oil. Mr. Beke and his fellow-guest sedulously avoided any reference to the entertainment on their way home, so that one perceives that the author has less feeling for the tragedy of genteel poverty than his puppets. Mr. Ayscough is consciously "superior," which is what Mr. Beke tried not to be, and perhaps it is this militant superiority that shows most plainly the distance between "Marotz" and "Mr. Beke of the Blacks." But for all that, the older and the more recently published book is full of shrewd observation and a very real human interest, and should not be missed.

Harry Pemberton was a Christian of the active, ardent sort, whose faith was no Sunday and prayer-time affair, but marched with him into all the great and small concerns of life. He hated humbug, which was why, after he took Holy Orders, he refused the living of St. Stephen's, Eaton Square, with all the fat perquisites appertaining thereto; he loved his fellow-creatures, and was beloved by them, from the little wife whom he married in the flower of his manhood to Bill, the fox-terrier, who is, by the way, one of the most delightful characters in "The Blindness of Virtue," which is a book full of delightful people. The boy-and-girl romance of the novel concerns Effie, Pemberton's daughter, and his pupil, a young man who finds in the country vicarage the help and confidence he has lacked elsewhere; but the bigger romance is the record of the large-hearted Harry's honest life. Nobody, we think, can read this story without being carried forward on the tide of wholesome, breezy optimism that flows through it from cover to cover. Mr. Cosmo Hamilton enjoys writing down a man, and so he should, since he does it with so much success; but he does not hesitate to trounce some well-worn conventions pretty soundly. "I don't call politics an honourable profession," says Lord Thorgamby. "I don't say that politicians individually are not honourable men; but you know as well as I do that the institution of politics is a shifty, time-serving, populace-crawling thing . . . it ought to be run as a sound business concern is run—by an able Board of Directors. What would become of Harrod's Stores if it were controlled by its shareholders?"

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